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The Outlook

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The Death of President McKinley

On Saturday morning last, at quarter past two, William McKinley, the twenty-fourth President of the United States, died of wounds from an assassin's hand at Buffalo. In another place will be found an estimate of the career and character of the dead President, of the meaning and effect of this calamity to the Nation, and of the responsibilities and duties of President Roosevelt. Here we briefly record the sad history of a week in which confident hope was suddenly turned into hopelessness. The assurances of the physicians in attendance had been so strong during the first days of the week that Thursday's less encouraging reports were generally taken as indications of slight and not really alarming change, but on Friday morning it became evident that a dangerous relapse had occurred, and in a few hours those close to the President knew that he was a dying man. That his vital force held out under any stimulus as long as it did was a surprise to his doctors. It was a source of comfort and satisfaction to all that intervals of consciousness allowed him to recognize his condition and to bid good-by to those near and dear to him; this he did with fortitude, dignity, and simple religious faith—his last words were, "It is God's way. His will be done, not ours," and just before he repeated some of the words of his favorite hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," words to be sung in unison of heart by many thousands in commemoration services all over the land on Thursday, the appointed time for the funeral ceremonies at Canton. The cause of relapse and death, as shown by the autopsy, was the gangrening of the wounds in the stomach and elsewhere in the body, made by the passage of the bullet, which, it now appears, also touched the kidney; strangely enough, the ball itself was not found, although a long search was made for it. A theory that the ball was poisoned is not generally thought well founded. Fourteen surgeons and physicians, including several not connected with the case in its treatment, unite in declaring that death was unavoidable under any medical or surgical treatment, and was the direct result of the bullet wound. Peritonitis did not exist, but gangrene is the effect of blood-poisoning, and surprise is felt that the physicians were for several days so confident that blood-poisoning did not exist. Immediately after the death unfavorable comment was widely made on the fact that a little solid food had been allowed, but it is perfectly evident now that no such cause was needed to account for the relapse. All day Sunday, after the simple funeral exercises in the presence of the family, the body of the President lay in state in the Buffalo City Hall, close to the prison to which the wretched Czolgosz had been transferred. In nine hours over ninety thousand persons passed with reverent mien the remains of the Nation's Chief Magistrate, and it was noteworthy that nearly every one spoke in deep sympathy of the suffering and sorrow of the late President's wife. On Monday, with impressive but unostentatious escort, the funeral railway journey to Washington began. The train was met at every station by silent crowds gathered to show their respect and grief, and by Monday night emblems of mourning were almost universally displayed in villages and on single houses as well as in the large cities. The obsequies at Washington on Tuesday included an elaborate escort of honor and religious services at the Capitol, where the body of the late President lay in state

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for many hours. An account of the obsequies must be deferred until next week.

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The Accession of President Roosevelt

As soon as Mr. McKinley's death was seen to be impending, the Vice-President and the members of the Cabinet were summoned to Buffalo. Mr. Roosevelt, on the almost positive assurances of the physicians that President McKinley was in no immediate or probable danger, had gone to the Adirondacks to bring home his wife and family from the Tahawus Club, many miles from the railway and several miles from the telephone. When mounted messengers arrived on Friday, they found that the Vice-President had undertaken a pedestrian excursion. Parties were at once sent in search, and late in the afternoon Mr. Roosevelt received the startling news not far from the top of Mount Marcy. At about five o'clock in the morning, after a ten-mile walk to the club-house, in which Mr. Roosevelt set a furious pace which outdistanced all his guides but one, and after a difficult and almost reckless ride in a storm, the Vice-President reached the railroad and was speeded at sometimes more than sixty miles an hour toward Buffalo, where he arrived early Saturday afternoon. The oath of office as President was administered to him in a private house that afternoon by Judge John R. Hazel in the presence of five members of the Cabinet. Before taking the oath of office Mr. Roosevelt made the following important and significant declaration: "I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace, prosperity, and honor of our beloved country." Following the ceremony it was announced that all the members of the Cabinet had been asked to retain office for the present, and that no special session of Congress would be called. If needed to confirm appointments, a special session of the Senate might be called without summoning the House of Representatives, but as Congress meets early in December, it is not thought that even this will be necessary. President Roosevelt's first official act was to issue a proclamation appointing Thursday, September 19, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States. Among the thousands of expressions of honor to the dead from monarchs, statesmen, and men of note the world over, none is more apt and terse than one sentence in this proclamation: "President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellow-men, of most earnest endeavor for their welfare, by a death of Christian fortitude; and both the way in which he lived his life and the way in which, in the supreme hour of trial, he met his death, will remain forever a precious heritage of our people."

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President McKinley's Life and Political Career

William McKinley came of sturdy Scotch-Irish stock, and the first of his ancestors born in this country, his great-grandfather, served with honor in the Revolution. From Pennsylvania the family moved with other pioneers to Ohio, and there at Niles on January 29, 1843, the future President was born, the seventh of nine children. His education was through the common school, a local seminary, and a partial course in Allegheny College. Then came a short experience in school-teaching, an equally short experience as a post-office clerk, and two months after the outbreak of the Civil War the boy of eighteen entered as a private the ranks of a volunteer regiment (the Twenty-third Ohio) in which another future President, Rutherford B. Hayes, was Major. From that day until the regiment was mustered out, a little over four years, McKinley was never absent a day on sick leave, only once on a short furlough; he fought in every engagement always with honor, more than once with notable gallantry or wise technical skill, while his promotion was steady from private to Major. A natural inclination to remain in the army was abandoned in deference to the arguments of his father and others, and the study of law was taken up in Canton, the town which became his home thereafter. From the time of his boyhood he had been an ardent Republican; politics soon became a part of his public life, and he was elected for a term Prosecuting Attorney in a strongly Democratic county. In the State campaign of 1875, fought on the Greenback issue, Major McKinley spoke often for Mr. Hayes, and so effectively that thereafter he was in demand in other States as a

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campaign orator. In 1876 he was elected to Congress by 3,300 plurality, after a vigorous contest waged chiefly on the high tariff issue, and he was easily re-elected for six more terms in succession, while his defeat after fourteen years' service in Congress is attributed in part to a re-districting of the State by his political opponents, although it was also a part of the Democratic "tidal wave" of 1890. In Congress Mr. McKinley was active and competent, and was a most useful man to his party, although not, for some years at least, regarded as a brilliant leader. He soon became known as a special advocate of the protective system, and was thoroughly equipped with all the statistics and arguments in favor of a high tariff. He spoke repeatedly in opposition to the Wood, Morrison, and Mills bills, served many years on the Ways and Means Committee, and as Chairman of that Committee gave his name to the famous tariff measure passed by the Fifty-first Congress, although it is well known that the bill was not entirely satisfactory to Mr. McKinley in the form in which it was passed. From this time on he was universally recognized as a National leader of the Republicans in all that related to the tariff. His defeat for Congress was instantly followed by a movement to make him Governor of Ohio, and he defeated by over 20,000 votes a Democratic Governor (Campbell) who had been elected in 1889 by 11,000 plurality.

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As President The reaction against the Democrats following the panic of 1893 aided in Mr. McKinley's re-election as Governor by the enormous majority of 80,000; this and his extraordinary tour of campaign speaking in 1894 (he traveled 16,000 miles, made seven speeches a day on the average, and addressed 2,000,000 people), and his unselfish and honorable fidelity to John Sherman in the National Convention of 1888, brought him into great prominence as a candidate for the Presidency, so that his nomination in 1896 was greeted by his whole party as logical and strong. In the campaign that followed the silver question first came to the front as a great National issue. Republicans as well as Democrats were divided on this subject, and it was recalled as evidence of the shifting lines that Mr. McKinley himself had in 1877 voted for a Bland free silver coinage bill. The Sherman Silver Purchase Act, supported by Mr. McKinley, was regarded by many as an effort at compromise and as an attempt to hold the silver Republicans of the West in line. The adoption by the Democrats of Mr. Bryan as their candidate, with a 16 to 1 free coinage platform, made the silver issue predominant, and Mr. McKinley as the campaign went on interpreted the not very positive declaration of the Republican platform more and more in favor of a gold standard. The election gave Mr. McKinley 271 out of 447 electoral votes and a plurality of about 600,000 in a total of 7,000,000. President McKinley's first administration will be remembered chiefly, not for its new tariff measure, the Dingley Law, which at first seemed the point upon which administrative effort was concentrated, but for the growing indignation at the Spanish outrages in Cuba, the popular demand that the United States should interfere, the outbreak of fierce indignation at the destruction of the Maine, and the short, decisive war that followed. These events, the resulting issue of expansion or imperialism, so called, and the second defeat of Mr. Bryan in 1900 by a greatly increased electoral and popular vote, are too recent and too familiar to need recapitulation here. Mr. McKinley's private life was that of a man of attractive personality, kind disposition, and large-hearted serenity. Probably no American public man has ever had fewer personal enemies or submitted to fewer bitter personal attacks. His married life, while it had great griefs in the deaths of two children and in the invalid condition of his wife, has been beautiful in the tender affection between the two and in the devotion of the strong, earnest husband to the weak and sometimes helpless wife. Mrs. McKinley in her bereavement has to-day the sympathy, not conventional but personal and heartfelt, of men and women the country over and, indeed, in large measure, the world over.

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The New President Theodore Roosevelt, who becomes through President McKinley's death the twenty-fifth President of the United States, is

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forty-two years of age, and hence the youngest President who ever filled the executive chair. He is in a way a peculiarly typical American, as strains of Dutch, Scotch, Irish, and French blood are found in his line of descent, while at the same time eight generations of his father's family, it is said, have lived in New York during two and a half centuries. Many people are surprised to know that he was of delicate health in boyhood, and that his athletic strength was gained by dint of moral and mental determination—a truly characteristic trait when the effect on his character is considered. Elsewhere we speak editorially of President Roosevelt's personality, opportunity, and responsibility. The chief events of his public life may here be briefly reviewed. He was graduated at Harvard in 1880, studied law at Columbia, and even then was full of the central idea which has governed his life—that to be a good citizen a man must be an active and open fighter for principle, not a passive observer and critic. Acting on this ideal, he plunged into local politics, served three terms as member of the lower branch of the State Legislature, and as an independent man as well as an independent Republican struck out at corrupt politics wherever he saw a chance. During this service he was chairman of two committees having to do with New York City, and learned much about the things that should be done in this city in the Police Department and other ways; he also came into prominent notice during this time by his vigorous opposition to Roscoe Conkling and the third-term scheme, and a little later as an unsuccessful Republican candidate in the spirited "triangular campaign" for the Mayoralty against Abram S. Hewitt and Henry George. The fine reform and organizing work done by Mr. Roosevelt as Police Commissioner under Mayor Strong in 1895 were only two weeks ago described with enthusiastic fervor by Mr. Jacob A. Riis in the pages of The Outlook. It is not too much to say that Roosevelt and Waring left standards of efficiency in their departments towards which their successors, if honest and energetic, must continually strive. On a broader scale and of vital National importance was Mr. Roosevelt's work in 1897 as Assistant Secretary of the Navy; how greatly he contributed to the readiness of the navy for war has been warmly acknowledged by President McKinley, Secretary Long, and is known the country at large. Wisely, most observers now admit, when war came Mr. Roosevelt followed his natural inclination for active service, arguing that his example in showing that men who advocate aggressive measures should themselves be ready to fight as well as talk would be of greater worth than any bureau services. With his old friend Leonard Wood he organized the "Rough Riders" regiment and might have found volunteers for ten such bodies of men if he had had time. When Colonel Wood was made a Brigadier-General, Mr. Roosevelt became Colonel and carried his men through the San Juan fight and through the even more dangerous campaign of fever and privation that followed with courage and wise leadership. His election as Governor of New York followed his return from the war. His nomination for the Vice-Presidency was only doubtful in that it seemed uncertain whether he would be willing to accept it, but after some hesitation he acceded to the wishes of his party, was nominated by acclamation, and undoubtedly added to the strength of the ticket, while his activity during the campaign was characteristic in its sustained energy. A few of Mr. Roosevelt's most widely known books are "The Wilderness Hunter," "The Winning of the West," "American Ideals," and "Oliver Cromwell." Mr. Roosevelt has more than once contributed to The Outlook; an article on Governor Taft, written for The Outlook this summer by Mr. Roosevelt, will be found in another place in this issue.

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Present Laws against Anarchism

The National humiliation over the President's assassination came very near being deepened by a resort to anarchy to avenge the crime. The President's calm command, "Let no one hurt him," saved the Nation this further humiliation at the time of the assault, and the efficient action of the Buffalo police when the President was plainly sinking on Friday maintained the law's supremacy during those feverish hours. But it was not alone in Buffalo that the desire for mob

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law became alarming. In all parts of the land it received some sanction in the pulpit, much in the press, and much more in impulsive talks on the streets and in the stores. The excuse for it everywhere was the inadequacy of present laws for the present emergency. It soon became known that if the President lived the maximum penalty for the assault upon him was ten years' imprisonment, and it was widely believed that speeches and articles inciting men to such assaults could not be punished by any law, State or Federal, unless some overt crime were the direct result. This last belief was unwarranted, so far at least as it related to incendiary speech. In New York State, for example, the present law provides that—

> Whenever three or more persons assemble with intent to commit any unlawful act by force; or assemble with intent to carry out any purpose in such a manner as to disturb the public peace; or, being assembled, attempt or threaten any act tending toward a breach of the peace, or any injury to person or property, or any unlawful act, such an assembly is unlawful, and every person participating therein by his presence, aid, or instigation is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Under this statute the mere presence at meetings in which there are calls to violence may be punished by imprisonment for one year, and both John Most and Emma Goldman, who have been arrested in connection with the present crime, have already served terms in the penitentiary—the former's plea that he had told his audience that the time was not yet ripe for action being ruled out by the court as entirely non-essential. In point of fact, no evidence of the existence of a plot to kill President McKinley has been discovered. Emma Goldman and other reputed Anarchists have been arrested, the first because Czolgosz declared that her general denunciation fired his brain, the other because the police rightly propose to probe all possible theories to the bottom.

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The Law's Inadequacy The present Federal law also is more comprehensive than was commonly supposed—the statute providing for an imprisonment as long as ten years wherever "two or more persons conspire to injure, oppress, threaten, or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution or laws of the United States." Here, however, it is essential that a conspiracy be proven. Neither in the Federal law nor in the State law is there any clear provision against the publication of literature inciting to murder, except through the liability of the publishers if some crime results. When John Most was first approached on the news of the assault at Buffalo, he ridiculed the idea of holding philosophical Anarchists responsible for such outrages, cleverly comparing this with the supposed law in China holding a man's school-teacher responsible if he commits a crime. But the issue of "Freiheit" which had gone to press before the crime at Buffalo was reported contained such quotations as these from an Anarchist writer of a half-century ago:

> The greatest of all follies in the world is the belief that there can be a crime of any sort against despots and their accomplices. Such a belief is in itself a crime. Despots are outlaws; they are in human shape what the tiger is among beasts—to spare them is a crime. As despots make use of everything, treachery, poison, murder, etc., so everything should be employed against them.
>
> The road of humanity leads over the peaks of barbarity. That is once for all a law of necessity dictated by the reaction. We cannot get around it, since we will not give up the future. If we wish to attain the end, we must wish for the means also; if we wish the life of peoples, we must wish the death of their enemies. If we wish for humanity, we are obliged to wish for murder. We say: "Murder the murderers. Save humanity by blood and steel, poison and dynamite."

Such appeals as this have nothing in common with appeals to the reason of the majority to change the government under which they live, or even to set aside all government. Appeals to the reason of the majority no American in his sober moments would even restrain. But appeals to the minority, to the few, to the individual, to destroy by violence the government desired by the majority, or the men elected to administer that government, are in their essence treason against democracy, and our democratic State must protect the sovereignty of the people as jealously as an autocratic State protects the sovereignty of its king. We want no hysterical legislation restricting the Anglo-Saxon rights of peaceable petition and protest; we want nothing that will enable Anarchists to assume the rôle of martyrs and regain any of the popular sympathy their

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crime has alienated; but we do want laws, both Federal and State, treating assaults upon the lives of those in whom the public life centers as assaults upon the Government itself.

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The Financial Situation The depression of prices upon the Stock Exchange which followed the assault upon the President was not accompanied by any change for the worse in general business conditions, while on Monday a sharp rise in stocks followed. There was indeed a slight increase in the number of commercial failures as compared with the week preceding, but the total number was less than the low record of the corresponding week last year (the fairest basis of comparison), while railroad returns, the surest register of business activity, showed a gain of thirteen per cent. over a year ago, and thirty-five per cent. over four years ago. The depression upon the Stock Exchange was in part due to sensitiveness to the feelings of investors, still more to the universal disposition of brokers to anticipate the effects of waves of feeling, but most of all to the fact that the assault upon the President synchronized with the announcement that the surplus reserve in the New York City banks had fallen ten millions during the week, and was within six millions of the minimum allowed by law. This announcement did seriously threaten a scarcity of money, particularly as it came before the end of the harvesting season, when there is need of unusual sums in the rural districts to pay farmers for their crops and farm hands their season's wages. The Clearing-House Committee in New York prepared to relieve, through the issue of certificates, any sound banks which might find their reserves reduced below the legal minimum, and Secretary Gage came to the relief of all the banks by increasing the Treasury deposits with them and offering to buy $20,000,000 worth of bonds at liberal prices. Upon the deposits made with the banks, which now aggregate more than a hundred millions, the Treasury gets no interest, but upon the bonds repurchased —even at the high prices—the Treasury saves nearly two per cent. a year. Last week's purchases added about ten million dollars to the amount of money in circulation, and prevented a further decrease in the surplus reserve in the banks. In paying out this money the Treasury merely relieved a contraction occasioned by a continued surplus of revenues over expenditures—a surplus which still averages five millions a month despite the revenue reduction act.

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The Schley Court of Inquiry The Court of Inquiry asked for by Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley met in Washington on Thursday of last week. The opening of the court was attended with considerable ceremony and a brilliant display of uniforms. Admiral Dewey, Rear-Admiral Benham (retired), and Admiral Howison (retired) constituted the Court. Admiral Schley was represented by counsel, and counsel was present in the interest of Admiral Sampson. At the very outset formal protest was entered by Admiral Schley in person against Admiral Howison as a member of the Court of Inquiry. This was supported by evidence from newspaper men and civilians who stated that Admiral Howison had, long before the inquiry was demanded, expressed himself freely and forcibly with regard to the relative professional merits of Admiral Sampson and Admiral Schley, and had criticised the latter's conduct in certain particulars. The evidence on this point was stronger than had been expected, and while no one believes that Admiral Howison acted improperly under the circumstances, as he certainly could not foresee that he would be placed in a position of judge in the matter, still it seemed just and reasonable to the Court that a naval officer who had spoken so freely should not be a member of that Court. The Court of Inquiry as a whole, therefore, concurred in Admiral Schley's objection, and Admiral Howison was allowed to retire from the bench. This naturally caused a delay in the proceedings until the Secretary of the Navy or his representative should appoint another officer to succeed Admiral Howison. Rear-Admiral Francis M. Ramsay has since been appointed. It is certain that the investigation will be carried on with great thoroughness, and it is hoped that the people and press of the country will refrain from forming a final opinion in the matter until the evidence on both sides has been pre-

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sented. We regret to see that in certain quarters heated articles of an argumentative character favoring one side or the other of this unhappy controversy continue to appear. On one point, however, there seems to be a somewhat general misunderstanding. It should be borne in mind that this Court of Inquiry is not convened to determine to whom the credit of the defeat of the Spanish ships in the engagement off Santiago is due. There is no question that technically and professionally Admiral Sampson was in command of the fleet at that time, although in the course of duty his vessel happened to be out of range during the engagement, while historians and citizens are perfectly free to decide for themselves as they choose under the circumstances as to the relative degree of personal and moral credit to be given to the several officers who had to do with the engagement. What the present Court of Inquiry is convened to determine is the truth or falsehood of certain accusations of disobedience and misconduct which have been made publicly against Admiral Schley. These charges include alleged incidents and acts preceding and following the engagement at Santiago as well as during that engagement.

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The Steel Strikers' Losses As was anticipated, the steel strike ended with the end of last week. Unfortunately, no official announcement was made of the terms upon which it was settled except the statement of an officer of the corporation that differences had been adjusted "satisfactorily to both sides," and that it had been agreed "that the terms of the agreement should be kept secret." Just how satisfactory the terms were to the strikers seems at present to be among them not only a matter of doubt but, in some places, of bitter misgiving. On Monday the despatches from McKeesport indicated a disposition on the part of many of the strikers to refuse the terms of peace accepted by their leaders. Of course such a refusal would be an act of suicidal folly, but the popular feeling which threatened it seems to refute the widely made assertion that the leaders were responsible for the strike's prolongation. The Debs extension of the Pullman strike to the railroads hauling Pullman cars is still the only important exception to Professor Ely's generalization that the officers of labor unions are less willing than the rank and file to order strikes, and more anxious to settle them. Enough seems to be known about the final terms of the settlement to make certain that the Amalgamated Association has obtained no concession to its original demand that the "scale" should be signed for non-union as well as union mills, but has obtained a somewhat substantial concession to its later demand that the scale should be signed for all mills which had been "closed" by the strike. In other words, the men are allowed to make collective agreements through the union wherever they demonstrated their desire to do so by a strike so general as to suspend operations. Even with this concession, however, the union will control fewer mills than were offered it at the beginning of the strike, though it is reported to have obtained the recognition of its right to organize the men in non-union mills if the men desire to be organized. If this last report be true, then one of the two demands for which the original strike was declared has been conceded, and the union may build up a yet stronger organization, unless its losses during the strike and the trust's policy of closing permanently certain plants at strike centers keeps the union's organizers from finding recruits. On the financial side the loss of the men in wages has approximated ten million dollars, the loss of the company (including not only profits but running expenses not stopped by the strike) has been fully as much more, and the further losses to producers of raw materials and to businesses dependent upon the steel workers for supplies bring the grand total of loss higher still. Furthermore, the peace which has been ratified is confessedly only an armed truce.

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New York's Disgrace The brutality and vulgarity exhibited in public police trials the past week by Deputy Commissioner Devery, the real head of the New York police force, were so intolerable as to suggest hopes that this infamous disgrace to the city may be removed. Even so indifferent and partisan officials as Commissioner Murphy and Mayor Van

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Wyck can hardly face with equanimity proof that this suspected bribe-taker and corruptionist sitting as a judge of accused policemen should use language so vile that it cannot be printed, even though they may tolerate his systematic brow-beating and bullying of honest policemen. The chief of Tammany, who has just returned from his foreign residence, has often asserted his hatred of vice; curiosity is rife to see whether his view of the political situation will prompt him to throw over Devery, as it is known that he has at least once threatened to do. Evidence is beginning to accumulate that the rank and file of the police are restive under the oppression and tyranny dealt out to their honest members who will not pay for transfers, accept bribes, or favor officials. This feeling has been greatly intensified by the case of Monahan, a veteran of forty years' service, who was punished by transfer from a Central Park post he has held with notable efficiency for many years, because he refused to allow a citizen to break the rules of the Park, even when threatened by a friend of Devery. The latter's only excuse for the transfer was suggested by the pouring out of a stream of vulgar Bowery slang in abuse of the age of the officer; the latter, with honest self-respect, resigned from the force. In another case, a minor charge having been brought against an officer who had lately admitted that it was generally believed that transfers were paid for, Devery inflicted triple the penalty usual for the offense charged, foamed and roared with rage, and used language which, if used on the street, would have justified any officer in arresting him for abuse and indecent conduct. The disgust felt by citizens of all parties at such exhibitions as these, and the increasing proof of collusion between police and gamblers, are cumulating in a public sentiment which bids fair to give Tammany this fall such a defeat as it received after the Lexow disclosures. There is still reason to hope for harmony among all anti-corruption elements in an anti-Tammany campaign. The Conference Committee will soon reach a conclusion as to the best available candidate for Mayor, and it is believed that any one of several names now under consideration will call out an overpowering vote of good citizens irrespective of party.

Mayor Johnson's Equal Tax Campaign in Ohio

Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, has succeeded in making the equal taxation of railroad property the paramount State issue in Ohio. At the recent meeting of the State Board of Equalization in Columbus he presented facts more startling than those he had brought before the county board at Cleveland; and the presence with him of Colonel Kilbourne, the Democratic candidate for Governor, Mayor Jones, of Toledo, and a delegation representing the League of Ohio Municipalities, centered the attention of the whole State upon the proceedings. The general situation against which the Mayor and the League protested in the name of ordinary taxpayers was temperately stated in a printed report prepared by Professor E. W. Bemis. The value of the railroad property was therein reckoned in the manner now required by statute in Connecticut and Indiana—the two States in which railroads have for several years been taxed at the same rate as individual property-owners. The value of the roads is found by adding the market value of the stock to that of the bonds, and in case the road enters some other State, the share of each State is determined by the mileage therein. The justice of this division by mileage has been affirmed by the United States Supreme Court. Professor Bemis found that while farms, homes, merchandise, etc., in Ohio are assessed at about sixty per cent. of their market value, the railroads are assessed at various rates, ranging from thirty-five per cent. of their market value in the case of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis down to thirteen per cent. in the case of the "Big Four" system. The average rate of assessment for the railroads of the whole State was twenty-one per cent. of the market value, or barely one-third the rate usually followed in assessing the property of individuals. Professor Bemis's figures for the State are as follows:

Market value of railroad property,	$535,000,000
Assessed value "	117,000,000

Professor Bemis closed his statement by pointing out that while the roads in Ohio are assessed at only $14,000 a mile, those in prairie-like Indiana are assessed at $24,000 a mile. Poor's Manual of Rail-

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roads, we find, fully sustains the conservatism of Professor Bemis's estimate. Since the under-assessment of railroad property began to agitate State legislatures, this Manual has stopped estimating the value of such property in each State, but reference to the Manual for 1888 shows the following estimates for the year preceding:

	Cost of roads and equipment.	Cost per mile.
Ohio.....	$724,000,000	$75,000
Indiana.....	242,000,000	41,000

In short, Professor Bemis's estimate of the true value of Ohio railroads in 1901 is less than that made by Poor's Manual of their value in 1887; and if the Manual correctly stated the *relative* cost of railroad construction—as it did without doubt—then an assessment of $44,000 a mile in Ohio would be no heavier than the present assessment of $24,000 a mile in Indiana. In other words, railroad property in Ohio is not only assessed at barely one-third the rate imposed on most other property in that State, but at barely one-third the rate imposed upon railroad property in the State adjoining.

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A Mockery of Justice When these facts were being presented to the State Board of Equalization—composed of the Attorney-General, the Treasurer, the Auditor, and the Railroad Commissioner—the Attorney-General attempted to exclude the consideration of the evidence on the plea that the only function of the Board was to "equalize the values as returned by the county auditors," and that it had no power to increase them so as to equalize the valuation of railroads with the valuation of other property. The petitioners showed that the Board had repeatedly exercised the power which one of its members now questioned, and pointed out that the statute placed no limitations upon the Board's powers except to provide that its total assessment of the railroads should not be less than the total returned by the county auditors. "The statute," said the attorney for the petitioners, "does not say how high you shall or shall not equalize values. A higher authority determines that—the Constitution of the State. It says that all property shall be returned for its true value in money." The Attorney-General persisted that even if the county officers assessed a railroad at only one-hundredth of its proper value, the State Board would "not be able to do anything" to correct the injustice to other classes of property-owners. At this point another member of the Board—the State Treasurer—observed that the Board was open to conviction as to the extent of its powers, and the hearing proceeded. The chief remaining spokesman for the petitioners was Mayor Johnson, who brought out sharply the fact that, while some members of the State Board were denying its right to raise the county assessments on the ground that this was the duty of the county boards, the county assessors were refusing to raise them on the ground that it was the duty of the State Board:

> When at Cleveland, before the eight boards of auditors, we asked them to appraise the railroads at sixty per cent. of their true value in money, they said to us: "Why do you ask us to do that when the other railroads in the State are not assessed that way? Why do you not go before the State Board at Columbus and ask it to assess all roads alike?"

By such means as this—the officers of counties refusing to assess railroad property at more than other counties assessed it, and the officers of the State refusing to increase the total assessment of the counties—justice had been balked, and the provision of the State Constitution for equality of burdens among all property-owners had been set at naught. Mayor Johnson concluded his statement by declaring that such discriminations were due to corporate methods of influencing public officials.

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The Czar's Visit Last week the Czar of Russia visited the German Emperor on board the latter's yacht in the Baltic Sea off Dantsic. Both monarchs were accompanied by their Chancellors, and this visit politically counter-balances the meeting this week of the Czar with President Loubet in France. The Dantsic meeting was not only politically significant, but was unique among events of this kind in being free from suspicion of murderous attempts by Anarchists or others on the lives of the heads of two great States. The tragedy in this country lent special point to the fact that the Emperor met the Czar on the high seas.

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Conditions will be reversed as to the meeting this week. The Czar is to land at Dunkirk, and will pass through Rheims and Compiègne. No spectators will be allowed as the Imperial procession proceeds through the streets of these towns; the sidewalks are to be occupied by troops only. It is true that a glimpse of Nicholas II. may be obtained from the windows along the line of march, but the occupants of these must be acceptable to the police. Indeed, for the time the towns will belong, not to their inhabitants, but to the police and the soldiers, who will be effectively reinforced by many Russian and French detectives. Such meetings as these two, and especially the Czar's presence at such a review as that of one hundred and fifty thousand French soldiers, are not as important as hitherto because of the gradual growth of a better feeling between Germany and France, thus rendering both the Triple Alliance (Germany, Austria, Italy) and the Dual Alliance (Russia, France) less important every year. The latter Alliance, however, may perhaps be expected to be maintained as long as Gallic vanity remains sensitive to flattery, and as long as Russian Imperial needs require French financial aid.

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News from Peary Lieutenant Peary has added an important accomplishment to the record of American polar exploration. He did not, it is true, in his journey to the Far North in the spring of 1900 reach the North Pole, nor did he equal the "farthest North" of the Abruzzi party or that of Nansen. Lieutenant Peary does not, however, despair of attaining the Pole, which he has always frankly admitted to be one of his ambitions; another attempt will be made early in the spring of 1902. What has been actually done is of more practical importance to geographers and adds more substantial knowledge to what we know of the earth's surface than the reaching of the Pole itself would accomplish. The determination of the northern coast of Greenland has long been an object of eager desire on the part of explorers. Mr. Peary now reports that he has accurately defined the northern coast of Greenland, and in doing so he reached the most northerly known land in the world, and in all probability the land which is actually farthest north. With the exception of a few miles on the eastern coast, the boundary of Greenland has now been accurately defined. In addition to this, Mr. Peary's party has reached the highest latitude yet attained in the Western Hemisphere—83° 30′ north. In a cheerful private letter to Mr. Bridgman, the President of the Peary Arctic Club, Mr. Peary truly says that this is doing tolerably well, "considering that I am an old man [he is forty-five], have one broken leg and only three toes, and that my starting-point was Etah." Every one knows that Mr. Peary's plan for conquering the Pole has been the establishment of stations from point to point, long and continued residence in high latitudes, the use of permanently engaged parties of Eskimos, and a general preparation for a fast advance when opportunity seems favorable. His campaign of 1900 began at Etah on April 15. He advanced along the eastern coast of Greenland to the farthest northern point reached by Lockwood in 1882. Here he found the cairn left by Lockwood with records, and added the story of his own expedition. Peary's party, including only Mr. Peary, Mr. Henson, and a few Eskimos, moved forward to 83° 39′ north, where he found a sharp deflection of the coast to the eastward, and conclusive evidence that this was the northernmost point of Greenland. He now attempted a direct advance toward the Pole, but had gone a comparatively short distance (only to 83° 50′) when he found that the condition of the broken ice, together with unexpected open water, made it quite impossible to push further north. He therefore returned to the coast and followed it eastward until he saw and recognized an elevated headland which he himself had seen in 1892, when he was at the head of Independence Bay. This completed the delimitation of the Greenland coast, and, as unfavorable conditions continued, the Peary party moved homeward over their own track, arriving at Fort Conger on June 15, with the party in good condition. Among the interesting facts noted were that animal life is much more frequent in the extreme northern part of Greenland than had been supposed possible, and that the new coast discovered is low and

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rolling, with traces of glacial action and the general appearance of a continental coast. Another forward move was contemplated in April, 1901, but failure to communicate with the Windward, which, with Mrs. Peary and her daughter on board, had been ice-locked at Payer Harbor, near Cape Sabine, for eight months, made this impossible. Mr. Peary therefore retreated to this point from Fort Conger, reaching the vessel on May 6 last. Here he learned for the first time of the death of a daughter born in Washington in January, 1899, after he had left for the north. When the ice permitted, the Windward worked its way to Etah, where, in August, there arrived the Erik, bringing to Peary the news of his mother's death last November. The Erik returned south about the last of August, bringing Mrs. Peary and her daughter. Peary himself will remain at Cape Sabine during the winter, and will again push to the north, using Fort Conger as a base, but probably making the attack on the Pole from Cape Hecla, the northern point of Grinnell Land.

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Church Work on the Frontier

No sooner had the proclamation of President McKinley been issued declaring the new Oklahoma country open to settlement than a number of evangelists who have been through all previous openings of new land were on the way to minister to the boomers. In the rush along the border prior to the opening, when men's patience is sorely tried, these evangelists went among them soothing and comforting. The women who spent their days and nights in the camp found comfort in the words of the border preachers. The light of the Gospel was spread everywhere. Immediately after the opening these ministers went into the new Kiowa and Comanche country and established church sites. Tents were thrown up and preachers put to work. Then the various denominations asked for and received their charters from the Governor at Guthrie; thirty-five charters for churches being taken out the first week the Kiowa-Comanche reservations were inhabited by white people. Lawton, which is preeminently known as a "bad man's town," is now the home of four churches. Permanent ministers have been installed there, and on the first Sunday following the opening a good part of the town took part in religious devotion. The tent in which the First Methodist Episcopal Church held its services was crowded to overflowing, and many stood outside. There were three conversions at that meeting. A correspondent of The Outlook tells this incident of church work at Anadarko: "A gambler had been bucking a faro game in a tent beside the evangelist home. He lost twenty-five dollars. He then passed by the church and went into another gambling-tent on the other side of the church. Here he lost, too. He then went into the church and listened to the earnest words of the rough minister. When the contribution plate was passed around, he gave them twenty-five dollars also. An hour later he was a convert." One of the peculiar things of the new country is the number of women who have engaged in evangelistic work on their own account. They ride over the reservations and visit the farmers and their wives. The headquarters of the church workers is at Anadarko, where, before the opening, were a number of Indian missions. It is reported to the Anadarko missions that church work has never had such a firm hold in any new country so soon as it has in the Kiowa-Comanche Reservation. There are churches in every town and at every country village. In the mining camps in the Wichita mountains there are men who preach the Gospel to the hardy miners.

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Shop Bible Classes

Considerable success has attended a new undertaking which might seem rather difficult—to gather mill-workers, railroad men, machinists, etc., for Bible study during their short noon hour. The experiment, made in Cleveland a year ago, has resulted in an advancing movement, fully described in a pamphlet recently issued by the Young Men's Christian Association of that city, which any one interested can procure for ten cents. Up to last March seventeen Bible classes had been organized in as many shops, with an average attendance of fifty-six. Men of all creeds and of no creed attend, and manifest a hearty interest in handling their five-cent

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copies of the New Testament, reading the lesson, and studying its simple and fundamental truths. Not much time is spent, only from ten to twenty minutes, according to the length of the nooning. The men gather in any convenient space in the midst of their workroom. There seem to have been no discouragements from the start, so tactfully has the work been conducted. "The problem now seems to be how to keep pace with the demand, find teachers, and cover the field." The pamphlet report above referred to, by its detailed account of the work—how to start it, how to manage it, the qualities requisite for leadership, the things to be cultivated and the mistakes to be avoided—aims to promote the extension of the work to other centers, large and small. It has been found that there is a demand for these Bible classes in various languages, and that men in all varieties of occupation are reachable, if due regard is had to their hours and conditions. Among the results are noted the decrease of profanity and vile conversation, the strengthening of moral sentiment in favor of honest and faithful service, and the promotion of friendliness between employers and employees. The whole report impresses one, not only with the clear-sighted, vigorous common sense in the lead of this movement, but with the spirit of unassuming, manly comradeship with the workingmen whom it aims to interest. The importance of the work it seeks to spread, especially for the great number of workers who have practically no Sabbath, is sufficiently obvious. It should be added that the report concludes with the outlines of the "shop lessons" given during a half-year on the first four chapters of Mark.

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The English War Tax Between August and December the tax collectors in England push their work, and with the income tax collection this year the heavy burden of the war in South Africa is being severely felt in thousands of middle-class homes. Before the war the income tax stood at eight pence in the pound (3⅓ per cent.). Twice since the war began it has been increased. It now stands at one shilling and two pence (5⅝ per cent.); so that to every income-tax payer the war means a direct addition of three-quarters to the amount demanded by the tax-collector when he makes his annual call. The tax is payable on all incomes above £160. In respect, however, of incomes which do not exceed £700 there is a system of graduated abatements, and only people in receipt of more than £700 a year pay the tax on their full income. Life insurance premiums are also deductible from income liable to taxation. These are the only reductions. When these have been made, a man must pay income tax alike on his earnings and on any income he may have from investments. Four hundred pounds is looked upon as a fair income among English middle classes. In London such an income would represent a house of a rental of £50 or £60 a year in one of the better-class suburbs. With the best of management in most families such an income allows of only a small margin between incomings and outgoings; and it is on families living on such means and in this style that the war has thrown the heaviest burden. From an income of £400 a year there is an abatement of £160, besides say $10 in respect of life insurance. The amount to be handed over to the income-tax collector is consequently £13 8s., of which £5 15s. is directly due to the war. A new burden like this, from which there is no escape, means a curtailment somewhere in the family expenses. To many families the war has meant a shorter or a less expensive summer holiday; and in this way the effect of the expenditure of so many millions in South Africa has reached a large number of people whose earnings are below the taxable level. To some extent, the great falling off in English railway receipts which marked the summer and early autumn is attributable to the heavy burden the war has thrown on income-tax payers. Railway travel is one of the expenditures on which a family begins to economize when its margin between incomings and outgoings is nearing the vanishing point. The working classes are paying their quota to the war through the new import duty on sugar and through the increased duties on tobacco which went into effect in April, 1900. In the main, however, the working classes may be said to be smoking their

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way through the war; for in the fiscal year 1900–01 the revenue derived from tobacco was £12,838,000—the highest since the tobacco tax was established.

William McKinley

The first effect of any death as unexpected as that of President McKinley is to benumb the faculties; its second effect is to abate the passions and rebuke the prejudices which have made impossible sober judgment concerning the living. The fires of political campaigns are extinguished, their smoke is cleared away, and he who had been seen distorted in the lurid light of party passions appears somewhat as he will appear to posterity, when history records the unprejudiced judgment of mankind concerning him.

When Mr. McKinley was inducted into office, the cruel despotism of Spain in Cuba, which a century of diplomacy had proved powerless to abate or even to ameliorate, was growing intolerable to the American people. The revelations of Weyler's policy of extermination and the destruction of the Maine combined to arouse a storm of moral indignation which was irresistible. A President can veto an Act of Congress, but he cannot veto the concurrent demand of the people. How unanimous was the public sentiment is indicated by the Congressional appropriation, without opposition, of fifty millions of dollars to prepare for war before the final declaration.

In the war which ensued President McKinley was not only in name but in reality the Commander-in-Chief of the naval and military forces of the United States. It was under his direction that Admiral Dewey was assigned to the command of the Pacific squadron and Admiral Sampson to the command of the Atlantic squadron. It was under his orders that Dewey pursued the Spanish fleet into Manila Bay and destroyed it there, and that Sampson blockaded Cervera's fleet in Santiago and destroyed it when it attempted flight. We now look back with amusement on the panic which affected all our coast towns from Portland to Key West; but the panic was serious then; and now to belittle our opponent as a decrepit and imbecile power is but to discredit our National intelligence if not our National courage. It was the President, moreover, who, while the war was being carried on, conducted diplomatic negotiations so effectively as to secure the moral support of England without a formal alliance, and to prevent interference by France or Germany, from both of whom at one time interference was seriously apprehended. The war over, it was the President who directed the general course of negotiations which ended in a treaty with Spain alike chivalrous toward her and honorable to ourselves. That America sent the Spanish soldiers home from Cuba at American expense, that she demanded no indemnity, that she paid Spain in cash for the money expended in permanent improvements in the Philippines, that she guaranteed to Spain the same trade privileges which she claimed for herself in the conquered archipelago, were due to the fact that President McKinley rightly interpreted the temper of the people, who had undertaken this war not for the subjugation but for the emancipation of the Spanish dependencies. In the subsequent war in the Philippines it was under the President's orders that the attempt of Aguinaldo to assume the sovereignty in an island which our army and navy had set free was resisted, and the archipelago was saved from an anarchy which threatened greater disasters than even Spanish despotism had inflicted upon it; it was on the President's recommendation that civil government was organized before the insurrection was fully over, and the Filipinos were thus assured of all the civil and religious rights enjoyed by Americans in American territories. Those who hold that the Spanish and Filipino wars were fought for territorial aggrandizement, inspired by ambition for political power and commercial enrichment, do right to hold Mr. McKinley responsible, for Mr. McKinley more than any other citizen embodied the American spirit, shaped the American policy, and led the American people. Those who believe with The Outlook that the Spanish war was a nobly unselfish one, fought at self-sacrifice by one people for the emancipation of another, and that the Filipino war was a necessary and therefore just one, in order to insure a people newly emancipated by our arms

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from one despotism against falling under the bane of a despotism still more intolerable, ought to give President McKinley ungrudging praise for his ready recognition of the American mood and motive, and his able execution of the American purpose. It is true that much of the wisdom and strength of the President's administration were due to the men who were associated with him; but it is also true that only a wise and strong man is able to secure, in such a time, the co-operation with him of wise and strong men, or is willing to give them a free hand and a cordial support in their several Departments. It is not one of the least indications of President McKinley's political ability that he has been able to secure a Cabinet certainly not surpassed and scarcely equaled by that of any President in many years past.

The two criticisms most commonly made upon President McKinley, by the same critics, and sometimes in the same issue of the same paper, curiously contradict each other. These critics charged him with possessing a despotic temper, with seeking to build up an Empire on the ruins of the Republic, with endeavoring to create an excuse by wars abroad for an increase of an army at home, which could then be used to put down the workingmen that the capitalists might exploit both the old and the new territories of the Nation without resistance. At the same time the same critics accused him of being without strength of will or tenacity of purpose, of having no mind of his own, of always having "his ear to the ground," of watching public sentiment and of going with it whithersoever its fitful and changing winds might carry him. Both cannot be true; neither is true.

There are two theories of government, neither of which is carried out by any sound political thinker to its radical extreme, but toward one or the other of which all political thinkers tend. The first or paternal theory is that the best men in the Nation should govern the rest as a father governs his children: these best men may be selected by a process of natural breeding, in which case we have an aristocratic government; they may be elected by the people, in which case we have a democratic government: but in either case the ruler, when chosen, whether by the one process or the other, rules. The other theory, that of self-government, is that each man is to govern himself in matters that concern only himself, each locality to govern itself in all matters which concern the locality, and the Nation to govern only in those matters which are of National concern; but that, inasmuch as a Nation of seventy million people cannot in mass-meeting vote on detached questions of policy, as one or two hundred can in a town or district school meeting, they should delegate certain of their number, not to govern them, but to embody their spirit and to execute their purpose. This is the American principle, although it is, on the one hand, not understood by some Americans, and, on the other, is pushed to impossible conclusions by other Americans, who would abolish all qualifications for suffrage and admit to the mass-meeting the ignorant, the incompetent, and the vicious on equal terms with the intelligent, the capable, and the virtuous.

Mr. McKinley appears to us to have appreciated the American principle more fully and carried it out more rationally and consistently than any President since Abraham Lincoln, whom in this respect he resembled. It is not true that he has been weak of will or infirm of purpose, or has followed with vacillating policy the shifting comments of public opinion. He resisted successfully the increasing public demand for war against Spain, until it had been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the overwhelming majority of Americans that the emancipation of Cuba could not be achieved by diplomacy. He resisted the popular demand for the recognition of the Cuban Republic, a recognition which we all now see would have involved Cuba in hopeless bankruptcy and ourselves in serious international complications. In more than one instance he resisted public clamor for the removal of officials whom the people thought not equal to the responsibilities of their office, in some instances, in our judgment, resisted too long for the best interests of the country; for loyalty to his subordinates with him, as with Grant and Washington, was an element of nobility in his character which at times became an element of weakness in his administration. It is not true that President McKinley has been without a definite policy of his own. He

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has had such a policy, and has adhered to it consistently on the three great questions before the country—tariff, finance, and expansion. He has been a high protectionist and has brought his party to his views, in later months modified by reciprocity treaties to which he would have brought his party had he lived. He was a bimetallist, believing in the parity of gold and silver as a currency, and he labored, as long as there was any hope of success, to bring about such bimetallism by international action. When the course of other nations changed the issue and compelled us to choose between gold and silver monometallism, he chose the former, but not until that was the sole issue presented. From his accession to the Presidency he has been an expansionist. He advocated an international canal, maintained the Monroe Doctrine, urged the peaceful annexation of Hawaii, sought by diplomacy to emancipate from mediæval misrule neighboring islands, and when at last war came, refused to recall our troops from any soil where the American flag had been raised until the principles of American liberty were assured under the practical protectorate of the American Nation.

But he did not attempt to force any policy upon an unwilling constituency. He patiently waited for the people to understand, confident that when they did understand they would adopt these principles. This confidence has been well founded. Through changes greater than have ever occurred in the history of this country except during the Civil War and the immediately subsequent period of reconstruction, President McKinley held not only his party but the country together; he so united the factions in the party that his renomination was assured by public acclamation, and he had so overcome opposition in the country that he was re-elected by an overwhelming majority, which would have been still greater if all the men in the South who really desired his election had possessed the courage to vote in accordance with their convictions. This result he achieved because he believed in the American theory of government, because he was one of the people and embodied their spirit, and because he was willing to proceed no faster in the accomplishment of the ends he consistently kept in view than the people would go with him.

For these reasons we regard Mr. McKinley as a great statesman of the American or democratic type, and the European estimate of him as more sound than the American estimate. As time passes and he recedes into history his excellencies will be seen to be essential, his defects incidental. It is true that he was somewhat of an opportunist, as the statesman ought to be; but, like every true statesman, he was an opportunist with a purpose. He readily changed his methods, but never his ends; as when he secured absolute free trade for Porto Rico with a united party, by conceding a temporary tariff to the anti-free trade wing. His appointments to important offices were, with rare exceptions, worthy of all praise, and in these few exceptions there is reason to believe that the questionable appointments were forced upon him by unwise advisers whom either personal good feeling or political prudence, or both combined, forbade him to offend; if minor appointments were freely used under his administration to strengthen the party, it was because he belonged to that passing but still influential school in politics which believes, as we do not, that such use of minor offices is necessary for party organization. If he did not arouse enthusiasm in the general public, he never sought to do so, satisfied with the enthusiastic devotion of the friends who were nearest to him and knew him best, and with the respect of the rest of mankind; never in speech or act did he play the demagogue. He invariably treated political opponents with courtesy, whatever treatment they may have accorded to him, and it was characteristic of him, in the moment when he was shot, to endeavor to protect his assailant from violence, by calling out, "Let no one hurt him." No American statesman has conformed his public life to a higher ethical standard; not very many have recognized an ethical standard so uniformly high. In private life he was a Christian gentleman without reproach; his fidelity to his invalid wife has perhaps done more to endear him to the people than his public acts; his last words, "It is God's way. His will be done, not ours," indicate the spiritual

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secret of a life which throughout had faith in God for its inspiration and the doing of God's will as its final end.

President Roosevelt

Mr. Roosevelt is now President of the United States. In this grave crisis there was not a moment's hesitation, a moment's uncertainty, or a moment's suspense. All men knew, even in the first shock and consternation of an awful crime, that, while a President had fallen, not only was the Government undisturbed, but that the administration of its laws would go on without break or change. This is the noble heritage of political character gained by a thousand years of living under free institutions, and by the example and leadership of hosts of statesmen who, like President McKinley, have held their own wills subordinate to the will of the Nation, and the will of the Nation subordinate to the will of God.

There is a deeper and more vital continuity than that of policy; it is the continuity of character. No more impressive illustration of faith, sincerity, and beauty of character has been seen in modern times than that which was witnessed by those who stood about the death-bed of President McKinley. Stainless amid all the temptations of public life, without blot under the fierce light which has beat upon him in these recent years, with a devotion to his wife as dignified and touching as anything in the annals of chivalry, President McKinley, in the first place of the Nation, stood for the noblest qualities of the men of the English-speaking race. He had the purity of Washington and the sweetness of Lincoln; and in the supreme hour his dignity and strength sustained at the highest levels the tradition of personal character which has never departed from the White House.

That tradition will be continued unbroken by Mr. Roosevelt. There will be no change in the character of the President of the United States. Of a different stock from that which flowered in the industry, the integrity, and the indomitable patience of Mr. McKinley, Mr. Roosevelt is as genuine an American. Eight generations of honorable men, prominent again and again in the affairs of the city and the State of New York, link him with the earliest colonial times. His family history has been an unbroken tradition of integrity and public usefulness; and whatever impetus and impulse come from the legacy of an honorable ancestry have borne their fruit in Mr. Roosevelt. No one has ever questioned either his integrity or his courage. Entering upon a public life at one of the most depressing and discouraging periods in the history of the country, he has stood from the first for integrity of private character and for independence and competency in public action. But one principle has governed him: a passionate desire to do the work of the State without fear and in the best possible way. In the Legislature of the State, in the Civil Service Commission at Washington, as Police Commissioner in the city of New York, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy on the eve of the war with Spain, and as Governor of New York, his course has been marked, not by passive honesty, but by resolute and aggressive integrity. Whether the work to be done was outside of or within the public gaze, whether it was apparently of small or of great moment, it has been done with an enthusiasm for righteousness in public action which has been an inspiration to the younger men of the country. A gentleman in the best sense of a much-abused word; a man of honor upon whose reputation, in spite of the bitterest criticism, not a shadow rests; a man of proven courage, Mr. Roosevelt will continue in the Presidency the very highest traditions of integrity and independence which are associated with the place.

Although the youngest man who has ever become President, Mr. Roosevelt has had an unusual preparation for the position. He was fortunate, to begin with, in having the opportunities of a thorough training. He has supplemented university education by a life of study no less than by a life of action. When he entered college his health was very uncertain; but, instead of yielding to the limitations of his condition, he made a resolute and intelligent attempt to overcome them, with the result that he has become a man of exceptional strength and endurance. This achievement is typical of his spirit and his career. His whole life has been an energetic and persistent

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effort to increase his power as an instrument for public service. He had been out of college but a single year when he entered the Assembly at Albany and at once awakened the interest and the antagonism of ring and routine politicians by his straightforwardness and his determination to make public office a public trust. At Albany he learned the ways of the politician and the methods of legislative action; in Washington, as a member of the United States Civil Service Commission, he rapidly mastered one of the most difficult and perplexing problems presented to the General Government and became familiar with the whole administrative field; as Police Commissioner in this city he studied the municipal problem at first hand, and formed the acquaintance of all classes of people; as Assistant Secretary of the Navy he not only foresaw what most men failed to foresee, the approaching war with Spain, but he set about preparing for it with resolution and energy and a quick eye for the weak points and for essential developments which went a long way towards placing the navy in the state of efficiency which astonished the world at the breaking out of the war.

The story of his courage, his coolness, his humanity, and his efficiency in the field need not be recalled. As Governor he was not only intrepid and frank, but he was also cautious and conservative, dealing with the largest matters affecting the interests of the State with clearness of judgment as well as with independence of view. The difficulties of his position were very great, but in the face of them he rendered services to the State so conspicuous that the machine politicians were bent upon forcing him to accept the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, in order to get him out of the way. Never in the history of politics has there been a more signal and disastrous reversal of the plans of small men; for the attempt to remove Mr. Roosevelt from the direction of affairs in New York has made him President; while his successor, Governor Odell, has developed, not only capacity of a high order, but the ability to rise above the aims and standards of machine politics. Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, carries to the White House a great fund of experience. He has, fortunately, the energy, the courage, and the faith of a young man; but he has had twenty years of public service; he has been in contact with public affairs from different points of approach; he has studied public problems close at hand from different points of view, and he goes into the White House with a very unusual practical training for the work awaiting him there. Mr. Roosevelt is not only a man of courage and a man of action, he is also a man of great sensitiveness and generosity of nature. The circumstances under which he has been called to the Presidency must weigh upon him with almost crushing force. He enters upon a great place and upon the most arduous duties without any of the enthusiasm of a recent popular election behind him, and without the elation of personal triumph. A tragic event has laid an imperative duty upon him; no one who knows him can doubt for a moment the spirit with which he will discharge that duty. He ought to be made to feel in peculiar measure, in view of these extraordinary circumstances, the confidence and affection of the people, which is already finding widespread and warm-hearted expression. He will continue unbroken the tradition of character which comes to him from Mr. McKinley, without spot or blemish; he will also continue beyond doubt the policy which Mr. McKinley lived long enough to define, to incorporate into action, or to foreshadow with great distinctness. That he will carry that policy to its logical conclusions we do not for a moment doubt; and in that confidence the country ought to give him not only solid but sympathetic support.

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"It is God's Way"

A nation is not an abstraction, a creation of the imagination, a figure of speech; it is a distinct entity; a living, striving, passionate soul with many members but with one life. It is the merging in this country of nearly eighty million individualities into an august and awful personality, which may be stirred as the sea is stirred to depths beyond the reach of the plummet or calmed as the sea is calmed in a sublime and vast repose. It feels, thinks, acts, and suffers on a colossal scale; all its experiences are magnified a

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million fold as its deeds have behind them a power in which uncalculated individual powers are concentrated. As is its strength, so is its capacity for suffering.

In the hour of its greatest outward prosperity, when the vaults of its treasury are filled to repletion, and its energies are moving forward with gigantic strides, a bullet has suddenly struck to the heart of the Nation, and men look about them as if awakened out of a dream. The horror of it is so great, the method of it so dastardly, the aim of it so foreign to our history, our traditions, and our principles, that the crime and its consequences seem alike incredible. There is an instinctive feeling that the creature whose father came here through the open-hearted hospitality of a country which trusts all men, and commits its most sacred possessions into their keeping, and who has taken advantage of this deep faith in man to strike one of the most humane and kindly men who ever held the place of ruler, ought to be swept from the face of the earth. But sorrow is so much deeper than wrath that a crime which is the embodiment of the spirit of lawlessness will not be condoned by a lawless punishment. The Nation's grief cannot be expressed by rage, and its majestic sorrow must not be stained by any retributive act of violence. It is a time for quietness of spirit; for resolute self-control as well as resolute courage. Hysteria and vengeance have no place in such an hour; it is of the nature of a great sorrow to calm and restrain and soften; they who truly mourn do not congregate in mobs and destroy in a blind rage.

Nothing in Mr. McKinley's singularly harmonious life was more characteristic or noble than his words in the horror of the confused moment when he sank back in the arms of those about him, "Let no one hurt him." In that brief phrase was summed up not only the spiritual strength but the reverence for law which are the possession of the peoples who speak our language in all parts of the world. The individual perishes, but the social order, which alone makes a free and noble unfolding of the human spirit possible, survives. It is the greatest quality we have secured from centuries of freedom.

A great sorrow brings something deeper than self-control to a nation; it brings a fresh sense of the presence and power of God. "It is God's way; His will be done," were the words in which the dying President, speaking in the supreme crisis of his personal life, expressed the deepest truth of the awful experience. Murder is not committed by the will of God, and the abhorrence of assassination which fills the heart of the civilized world at this moment must be but a faint reflection of the divine abhorrence of so cruel and brutal a deed. Nevertheless, God's way with the world—that ordering of society which permits men to fashion themselves and makes them free agents instead of making them puppets—leaves room and time for the fruitage of sin of every kind. Such deeds appall and bewilder us for the moment, but they do not shake our faith, if that faith has any depth of foundation. Behind such a deed as that which has plunged the whole world into mourning there are ancient and deep-seated causes which suddenly disclose their hidden mischief in the noonday of a period of golden prosperity upon a man whom no one could know without loving.

As there is a vast accumulation of honesty, frugality, temperance, and chastity in the world which has become a kind of capitalized character, so there is a vast accumulation of wrong-doing which, alike in those who practice and those who suffer it, has become a kind of capitalized moral and mental disease. So long as there is sin in the world, so long there will be death; death not only of the unrighteous but of the just, the good, the pure, and the gentle. Sin breeds disease in the man who commits it and in the atmosphere in which he lives; oppression, cruelty, brutality, indifference to the sufferings of others, gradually create conditions which distort the minds as they deform the bodies of those who suffer. Responsible as the Anarchist who struck the President is and will be held to be, it may be that the seeds of his crime were sown in his nature by other hands in other generations, and that wrong-doing in Poland bore its bitter fruit in the slaying of a ruler who loved the oppressed and outcast. For God has bound us together, and we are of one blood in spite of ancient divisions; and the seed of evil sown in one continent often bears its bitterest fruit in another.

So long as men do wrong, so long as

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there are evil passions and evil speaking in society, so long as men offend the laws of God by sins against themselves or others, so long there will be murder done and the innocent will suffer with and for the guilty. The only full and final protection against the moral and mental insanity which makes Anarchism possible is the complete cleansing of society to the very bottom.

"It is God's way" to have the wheat and the tares growing together until the harvest; it is God's way to remind nations in the hour of greatest prosperity that there are deeper and more important interests than those of commerce, and that wealth and comfort and ease and power are at the mercy of sin and disease. The awful reality of sin has once more revealed itself; it has claimed another good and noble victim; it has come like a skeleton into another feast of plenty; it has struck the heart of a Nation in the day of its strength and gladness. Let the Nation think upon these things, and with unbroken courage but with clearer vision face the awful conditions with which it must deal.

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Pagan Words

There are two words which ought never to be heard by a young boy or girl—"luck" and "chance," the two verbal scapegoats on which are laid half the sins and follies of the race. If there is anything which is essential to the moral health and strength of a boy or girl, it is to plant deep in the consciousness the fact that this is an ordered world; that a man reaps that which he sows; that he secures the rewards for which he is willing to make the effort, and gains the prizes for which he is willing to pay the price in labor, self-denial, and strength. It is true that there are cases in which force of circumstances seem to make it impossible for a man to attain the specific end for which he sets out. In these cases, however, it is often obviously better that he should fail than that he should succeed, for it often appears, from a later and more far-reaching point of view, that temporary failure means ultimate success, and that in missing some one thing on which a man had set his heart he finally gained something of far greater value. What is certain in this uncertain world is that no real success is ever achieved by accident, chance, or luck; that is to say, by a blind and brutal play of forces or influences, or by a meaningless combination of conditions. What appears to be a wanton interference with human plans by a play of blind force is often seen, in the larger circuit of time, to have been the introduction of a new and higher purpose. Athens may lose the political independence upon the preservation of which the greatest of her orators had set his heart, but in parting with formal independence she became sharer in a movement which spread her spirit to the ends of the earth.

In all those cases, therefore, in which on first appearance it would seem as if a man's fate had been taken out of his hands, or his dearest purposes defeated, it is well to postpone judgment until the full evolution of the movement is seen. In any case, it is the height of folly to instill into the mind the idea that a man is the play of chance winds of destiny and not the master of his own fortune. Spiritually, at least, every man shapes his own life. The things which come to him are the things for which he has prepared himself; the things which he misses are the things which he has voluntarily rejected. If he fails, it is because he lacks ability, force, skill, or judgment for the specific thing which he set out to do; if he succeeds, it is because he has the quality which commands success. If he is a man who has taught himself to be honest with himself, he never for a moment loses sight of his own fundamental responsibility. He does not permit himself the delusion that life has cheated him; that he has failed because conditions were adverse, or because some one else did not give him the support which he ought to have had. The men who are always making excuses for themselves, and laying upon others the responsibility for their own blunders, follies, and failures, are rarely honest; they either deceive themselves or they evade a full, clear recognition of the facts. The beginning of education is the acceptance of the law that a man reaps what he sows, that he is responsible for his own career, and that it is idle to attempt to blind one's eyes to these fundamental facts or to shift the responsibility of one's failures to other people's shoulders.

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President McKinley

What the World Thought of Him

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S PROCLAMATION

By the President of the United States of America. A proclamation:

A terrible bereavement has befallen our people. The President of the United States has been struck down; a crime committed not only against the Chief Magistrate, but against every law-abiding and liberty-loving citizen.

President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellow men, of most earnest endeavor for their welfare, by a death of Christian fortitude; and both the way in which he lived his life and the way in which, in the supreme hour of trial, he met his death, will remain forever a precious heritage of our people.

It is meet that we as a Nation express our abiding love and reverence for his life, our deep sorrow for his untimely death.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States of America, do appoint Thursday next, September nineteenth, the day in which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last earthly resting-place, a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States.

I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to bow down in submission to the will of Almighty God and to pay out of full hearts their homage of love and reverence to the great and good President whose death has smitten the Nation with bitter grief.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, the 14th day of September, A. D., one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President, JOHN HAY, Secretary of State.

SECRETARY HAY'S CIRCULAR NOTE

The following circular note was immediately sent to the foreign representatives accredited to the Government of the United States:

Department of State,
Washington, September 14, 1901.

Sir: It is my painful duty to announce to you the death of William McKinley, President of the United States, in the city of Buffalo, at fifteen minutes past two in the morning of to-day, September 14.

Laid low by the act of assassin, the week-long struggle to save his life has been watched with keen solicitude, not alone by the people of this country, who raised him from their own ranks to the high office he filled, but by the people of all friendly nations, whose messages of sympathy and hope, while hope was possible, have been most consolatory in this time of sore trial.

Now that the end has come, I request you to be the medium of communicating the sad tidings to the government of the honored nation you so worthily represent, and to announce that, in obedience to the prescriptions of the Constitution, the office of President has devolved upon Theodore Roosevelt, Vice-President of the United States.

Accept, sir, the renewed assurance of my highest consideration.

JOHN HAY.

FROM ENGLAND

The replies were instantaneous. King Edward of England sent the following telegram from Fredenaborg, Denmark, to Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, in London:

Most truly do I sympathize with you and the whole American nation at the loss of your distinguished and ever to be regretted President. EDWARD REX.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. Frederick Temple, sent the following despatch to Mr. Choate:

I desire to express in behalf of the Church of England the deep grief with which we have heard of the death of the President. The loss of so great a ruler is a calamity to the whole world. The triumph of wickedness fills us with sorrow. Our prayer and goodwill will be an earnest for the American people.

Following is the text of the message of the Lord Mayor of London to the American Embassy:

The citizens of London are profoundly moved and deeply affected at the sad intelligence of President McKinley's death. They had hoped that under Providence so valuable a life might be spared for the welfare of his country. In their name I beg to tender your Excellency their heartfelt sympathy. I shall be grateful if you will convey this to Mrs. McKinley and the people of the United States. The eminent career and public services of President McKinley were widely appreciated here and will long be remembered by the English people, who, having themselves sustained the loss of a beloved sovereign this year, are able to sympathize keenly with the United States in the sudden removal of their distinguished President.

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On Sunday there was an immense congregation at St. Paul's Cathedral. Among those present were Ambassador Choate and the staff of the Embassy. The Rev. Henry Scott Holland, Precentor of the Cathedral, said:

A great hope that once filled humanity lies slain. We once dreamed that the New World had awaked from the nightmare of evil memories and set out to live its free life unburdened and uncursed, but the new has like bitterness to work through as the old. We must face it calmly and patiently. Not that we may be driven into a fierce reaction by the sting of this insane crime does the poor man lie dead. With renewed humility and with severer resolution we must work together for a new order of social intercourse in which it will become impossible for passions which issue in such an outrage to exist.

Sir Henry Irving wired to Mr. Choate:

May I add personally my deep grief to that of the people of this nation and of the nations of the earth for the loss of a great and good life, so ruthlessly snatched away in the fullness of love and honor.

With brief but well-chosen words the London "Times" thus ended its editorial:

He died as he lived, with simple, manly courage and unaffected piety, which mark the best men of his race.

The "Daily Telegraph" said:

There was the same anxious look in the faces of Londoners yesterday as they wore when our late beloved Queen was fighting her battle with death. It was then that America stretched out her hand to us. To-day, in her hour of bitter trial, we return the grasp.

The "Daily Chronicle," discussing the world-wide sympathy displayed, said:

This sympathy is intensified by a full realization of the calamity, until we are almost inclined to say that there is no precedent for such a display of emotion and fellow-feeling on these particular lines. It is not impossible that the assassination of Mr. McKinley will advance that international comity of Governments to which some political students look as the keynote of future peace and harmony.

The "Westminster Gazette" said:

To us in this country the loss of President McKinley is a family bereavement. We have had our differences with the American people. We know full well how more true it becomes every day that they are our keenest and most dangerous trade competitors, but above and beyond the conflict of competition is the outstanding fact that they are our next of kin. We are linked by common ties that exist nowhere except with the United States. Just as Queen Victoria was sincerely mourned on the other side of the Atlantic, so now we claim a special right to share the sorrow and indignation which the American continent feels at the death of its President.

FROM GERMANY

Nothing was more appreciated in this country than the quick action of the German Emperor William. His despatch to Mr. Hay was as follows:

I am deeply affected by the news of the untimely death of President McKinley. I hasten to express the deepest and most heartfelt sympathy of the German people to the great American nation. Germany mourns with America for her noble son, who lost his life while he was fulfilling his duty to his country and people. WILLIAM I. R.

The Emperor also sent the following despatch to Mrs. McKinley:

Her Majesty the Empress and myself beg you to accept the expression of our most sincere sorrow in the loss which you have suffered by the death of your beloved husband, felled by the ruthless hand of a murderer. May the Lord, who granted you so many years of happiness at the side of the deceased, grant you strength to bear the heavy blow with which he has visited you. WILLIAM I. R.

On hearing of the death of President McKinley the Emperor, with characteristic and generous thought, ordered the German fleet assembled off Dantsic to half-mast their flags and to hoist the Stars and Stripes at their maintops, and also ordered flags to be half-masted on all German public buildings. German opinion is reflected by the "Berliner Neueste Nachrichten," which said:

The German nation expresses to the American people sincere sympathy in the loss of a leader who was an out and out American, and who firmly undertook the realization of aims he deemed worth obtaining and corresponding with the wishes of a majority of the people.

FROM AUSTRIA

In Austria the hearty feeling was well voiced by the Vienna "Neues Weiner Tageblatt," which said:

The ocean is not wide enough to hold all the sympathy that is streaming from the Old World to the New.

FROM RUSSIA

In Russia perhaps the most important editorial utterance was that of the St. Petersburg "Boerse Gazette," which said:

Mr. McKinley was one of the most popular figures in American history and one of the best representatives of American ideals. On account of the extraordinary purity of Mr. McKinley's character, the American people will find sympathy wherever civilized men dwell. Opinion in Europe regarding Pan-

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Americanism may possibly be divided, but it is comprehensible from the American point of view. Mr. McKinley died firmly believing that the work he had begun in domestic and foreign policy would find suitable instruments for its continuation.

FROM FRANCE

President Loubet, of France, telegraphed as follows to Mrs. McKinley:

I learn with deep pain that his Excellency Mr. McKinley has succumbed to the deplorable attempt on his life. I sympathize with you with all my heart in the calamity which thus strikes at your dearest affections and which bereaves the great American Nation of a President so justly respected and loved.

The Paris "Gaulois" said:

The death of President McKinley will have a greater reverberation throughout Europe than had the disappearance of Garfield, Lincoln, or Carnot. He played a bigger part on the world's stage than any of his predecessors.

FROM ITALY

In Italy the sympathy was specially strong by reason of the late King's assassination a year ago. The Dowager Queen Margherita said on Thursday to a friend, when talking of Mrs. McKinley: "Both of us know what it is to be kept from the bedsides of our dear ones, I by Humbert's instantaneous death, she by weak health. I cannot get her out of my mind. She is constantly in my thoughts and prayers."

FROM MEXICO

The most significant and welcome message from the head of any government in this hemisphere was from President Diaz, of Mexico:

I have been deeply shocked by this crime. President McKinley was not a ruler of exclusive or aristocratic tendencies. He was a good friend of the people, a genuine democrat in the best sense of the word. With regard to Mexico, President McKinley had ever evidenced such friendly sentiments that his death will be mourned in this country hardly less keenly than in the United States.

IN THIS COUNTRY

The testimony of three prominent Democrats is worth quoting. The Hon. W. J. Bryan, who postponed his speech at Chicago before the Harrison League out of respect for the memory of President McKinley, said:

It is inexpressibly sad. His life was remarkable and his character above reproach. His personal qualities were such that he had no enemies. The blow aimed at him is at his Government and is felt by all.

The Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, former Democratic Vice-President, said:

President McKinley's creed in action was, "There is nothing so kingly as kindness." Blameless and tender in private life, he was patriotic in all his impulses, of personal integrity never questioned, and faithful in the discharge of public duties. He will live in the grateful remembrance of his countrymen.

Former United States Senator David B. Hill said:

Every good citizen laments the death of President McKinley. Death by assassination is always terrible, and the country is to-day staggering under the severe shock. The President deserved to live. He was just entering upon a career of usefulness greater than he had ever known before. As an official he was distinguished as safe and conservative, always ready to respect the popular will. He was a model citizen in all his relations in life. He cherished no animosities, and well understood and observed the amenities which should always accompany political differences in a free country like ours.

Among the multitude of eloquent tributes from the churches we select the following:

Archbishop John Ireland, of St. Paul, said:

The Nation mourns; well may she mourn. She has lost her Chief Magistrate, whom she loved so dearly, in whom she so willingly reposed her pride. William McKinley is now dead; his memory will live down the ages as that of one of the most worthy to have been the President of the Republic of the United States. I knew him closely, I esteemed him, I liked him. He was the true man, pure of morals, generous minded, conscientious, religious. He was the noble citizen, proud of being a son of the people, brave in the battlefield amid his country's peril, zealous of its glory, unswervingly loyal to its honor and its interests. He was the typical President of the Republic.

Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, said:

President McKinley represented the best type of American citizenship in his amiable, forceful, and pure character. The Nation mourns the death of her Chief Magistrate. The American people mourn one whose influence has touched their homes, kindled a finer patriotism, and gained their warm affections.

The Rev. W. R. Huntington, of Grace Church, New York City, preaching there on Sunday, appealed thus to his hearers:

Think of those words of our departed President, when, after being shot, though realizing that he was entering the Valley of

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Death, he said, to protect his enemy from mob violence, "Let no one touch him." That was not only an exhibition of compassion, but a respect for law. That spirit is the sole safeguard of our civil life.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie thus fitly sums up the situation:

President McKinley passes into his place in history as one of the greatest rulers of men through their affections, and beloved by his countrymen, and he stands forever with Lincoln and Garfield in the Temple of Martyrs, wearing like them the holy crown of sacrifice for the Republic. Our first duty in this crisis is to give to his successor under the Constitution our loyal support, in the hope and belief that power will impress him, as it has many great characters known to history, and keep him in the path of his good and great predecessor.

The New President as a Literary Man

Not since the Presidency of Thomas Jefferson has a man of letters been the executive head of the United States Government. The present President is a Harvard graduate, and represents the active rather than the contemplative side of Harvard culture. All of his books are characterized by notable vigor and clarity of expression, and have obtained a wide reading. Perhaps his most substantial literary achievement is "The Winning of the West," which was first published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, in five volumes, the publication beginning in 1889. This work was afterwards included in the excellent small handy volume edition of Mr. Roosevelt's collected works (Putnams). Next in historical interest to this illuminating endeavor was Mr. Roosevelt's biography of "Oliver Cromwell" (Scribners, 1900), which, appearing simultaneously with Mr. John Morley's "Life of Cromwell" (The Century Company), provoked much discussion on the comparative merits of the two biographies. The President's most popular book, however, seems to be "The Rough Riders" (Scribners, 1899), a description of that part of the Americo-Spanish war conducted in eastern Cuba and especially of his own experience as the head of a regiment which he had organized. Mr. Roosevelt's most recent book is entitled "The Strenuous Life" (The Century Company, 1901), and is political rather than historical in character, the book's title being specially associated with a favorite phrase of its author in many of his public addresses. Another similar work is entitled "American Ideals and Other Essays" (Putnams, 1897). These two volumes reveal their author's personality. Colonel Roosevelt's other books have not enjoyed so great a measure of popularity as have the foregoing, but all are well worth reading. They include the two excellent biographies published in the "American Statesman Series" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), namely, "The Life of Thomas Hart Benton" (1886) and "The Life of Gouverneur Morris" (1888), "The Naval War of 1812" (Putnams, published the year after Mr. Roosevelt's graduation from college), "The History of New York," in the series of "Historic Towns" (Longmans, 1891), and the following year, "Essays on Practical Politics" (Putnams, "Questions of the Day," No. 49). In connection with the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, junior United States Senator from Massachusetts, Colonel Roosevelt prepared in 1895 a volume entitled "Hero Tales from American History" (The Century Co.), and in 1893, in connection with Mr. G. B. Grinnell, Mr. Roosevelt published through the Forest and Stream Company, "American Big Game Hunting" (1893), "Hunting in Many Lands" (1895), and "Trail and Camp Fire" (1897). Mr. Roosevelt's other books on hunting are his well-known "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman' (Putnams, 1885), "The Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" (The Century Co., 1888), and "The Wilderness Hunter" (Putnams, 1893).

These works are all characterized by freshness of feeling, breeziness of style, and a certain sincerity which commands respect. Mr. Roosevelt writes at times with unusual vividness; his descriptions of military movements are peculiarly vivid, and he rarely misses the picturesque aspects of his subjects. In his serious political discussions the emphasis rests on moral soundness, definitive policies, and vigorous action.

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Governor William H. Taft

By Theodore Roosevelt

President of the United States.

[This article was written for The Outlook by Colonel Roosevelt in August last, while he was still Vice-President, and is, of course, not an official utterance, but an expression of his personal opinion. At this moment it is of deep interest and of political significance, as it gives authoritative expression to his views concerning the policy of this Government in the Philippines, and foreshadows what his official action and attitude will be. We hardly need to add that The Outlook regards this article as only one of many indications that President Roosevelt's Philippine policy will be humane, just, righteous, and patriotic.—THE EDITORS.]

A YEAR ago a man of wide acquaintance both with American public life and American public men remarked that the first Governor of the Philippines ought to combine the qualities which would make a first-class President of the United States with the qualities which would make a first-class Chief Justice of the United States, and that the only man he knew who possessed all these qualities was Judge William H. Taft, of Ohio. The statement was entirely correct. Few more difficult tasks have devolved upon any man of our nationality during our century and a quarter of public life than the handling of the Philippine Islands just at this time; and it may be doubted whether among men now living another could be found as well fitted as Judge Taft to do this incredibly difficult work. Judge Taft belongs to a family which has always done valuable public service. He graduated from Yale in 1878; and a few years later, when Yale gave him the honorary degree of LL.D., he was the youngest of her graduates upon whom she had ever conferred this honor. On graduation he took up the study of the law, and also entered actively into public life. In both careers he rose steadily and rapidly. Under President Harrison he was made Solicitor-General of the United States, and he left this place to become a Judge of the United States District Court.

But his weight in public life was something entirely apart from the office he at any time happened to hold. I dislike speaking in hyperbole; but I think that almost all men who have been brought in close contact, personally and officially, with Judge Taft are agreed that he combines as very, very few men ever can combine, a standard of absolutely unflinching rectitude on every point of public duty, and a literally dauntless courage and willingness to bear responsibility, with a knowledge of men, and a far-reaching tact and kindliness, which enable his great abilities and high principles to be of use in a way that would be impossible were he not thus gifted with the capacity to work hand in hand with his fellows. President McKinley has rendered many great services to his country; and not the least has been the clear-sightedness with which he has chosen the best possible public servants to perform the very difficult tasks of acting as the first administrators in the islands which came into our hands as a result of the Spanish war. Such was the service he rendered when he chose Assistant Secretary of the Navy Allen and afterwards Judge Hunt as Governors of Porto Rico; when he chose General Leonard Wood as Governor-General of Cuba; and finally when he made Judge Taft the first Governor of the Philippines.

When Judge Taft was sent out as the head of the Commission appointed by the President to inaugurate civil rule in the Philippines, he was in a position not only of great difficulty, but of great delicacy. He had to show inflexible strength, and yet capacity to work heartily with other men and get the best results out of conflicting ideas and interests. The Tagalog insurrection was still under full headway, being kept alive largely by the moral aid it received from certain sources in this country. Any action of the Commission, no matter how wise and just, was certain to be misrepresented and bitterly attacked here at home by those who, from whatever reasons, desired the success of the insurgents. On the other hand, the regular army, which had done and was doing its work admirably—and which is entitled to the heartiest regard and respect from

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every true American, alive, as he should be, to its literally inestimable services—was yet, from its very nature, not an instrument fitted for the further development of civil liberty in the islands. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been imminent danger of friction between the military and civil authorities. Fortunately, we had at the head of the War Department in Secretary Elihu Root a man as thoroughly fit for his post as Governor Taft was for his. Secretary Root was administering his department with an eye single to the public interests, his sole desire being to get the best possible results for the country. Where these results could be obtained by the use of the army, he used it in the most efficient possible manner—and month by month, almost day by day, its efficiency increased under his hands. Where he thought the best results could be obtained by the gradual elimination of the army and the substitution of civil government, his sole concern was to see that the substitution was made in the most advantageous manner possible. Neither the Secretary nor the Governor was capable of so much as understanding the pettiness which makes a certain type of official, even in high office, desire to keep official control of some province of public work, not for the sake of the public work, but for the sake of the office. No better object-lesson could be given than has thus been given by Secretary Root and Governor Taft of the immense public benefit resulting, under circumstances of great difficulty and delicacy, from the cordial co-operation of two public servants, who combine entire disinterestedness with the highest standard of capacity.

Governor Taft thus set to work with the two great advantages of the hearty and generous support of his superior, the President, and the ungrudging co-operation of the War Department. The difficulties he had to combat were infinite. In the Philippines we were heirs to all the troubles of Spain, and above all to the inveterate distrust and suspicion which Spanish rule had left in the native mind. The army alone could put down the insurrection, and yet, once the insurrection had been put down, every consideration of humanity and policy required that the function of the army should be minimized as much as possible. Until after the Presidential election in November last peace could not come, because both the insurgent leaders and their supporters on this side of the water were under the mistaken impression that a continuance of the bloodshed and struggle in the Philippines would be politically disadvantageous to the party in power in the United States. Soon after the results of the election became known in the Philippines, however, armed resistance collapsed. The small bands now in the field are not, properly speaking, insurgents at all, but "ladrones," robbers whose operations are no more political than those of bandits in Calabria or Greece.

The way has thus been cleared for civil rule; and astonishing progress has been made. Wherever possible, Governor Taft has been employing natives in the public service. Being a man of the soundest common sense, however, he has not hesitated to refuse to employ natives where, after careful investigation, his deliberate judgment is that, for the time being, it is to the advantage of the natives themselves that Americans should administer the position, notably in certain of the judgeships and high offices. For the last few months the Filipinos have known a degree of peace, justice, and prosperity to which they have never attained in their whole previous history, and to which they could not have approximated in the remotest degree had it not been for the American stay in the islands. Under Judge Taft they are gradually learning what it means to keep faith, what it means to have public officials of unbending rectitude. Under him the islands have seen the beginnings of a system of good roads, good schools, upright judges, and honest public servants. His administration throughout has been designed primarily for the benefit of the islanders themselves, and has therefore in the truest and most effective way been in the interest also of the American Republic. Under him the islanders are now taking the first steps along the hard path which ultimately leads to self-respect and self-government. That they will travel this road with success to the ultimate goal there can be but little doubt, if only our people will make it absolutely certain that the policies inaugurated under President McKinley by Governor Taft shall be continued in

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the future by just such men as Governor Taft. There will be occasional failures, occasional shortcomings; and then we shall hear the familiar wail of the men of little faith, of little courage. Here and there the smoldering embers of insurrection will burst again into brief flame; here and there the measure of self-government granted to a given locality will have to be withdrawn or diminished because on trial the people do not show themselves fit for it; and now and then we shall meet the sudden and unexpected difficulties which are inevitably incident to any effort to do good to peoples containing some savage and half-civilized elements. Governor Taft will have to meet crisis after crisis; he will meet each with courage, coolness, strength, and judgment.

It is highly important that we have good laws for the islands. It is highly important that these laws permit of the great material development of the islands. Governor Taft has most wisely insisted that it is to the immense benefit of the islanders that great industrial enterprises spring up in the Philippines, and of course such industrial enterprises can only spring up if profit comes to those who undertake them. The material uplifting of the people must go together with their moral uplifting. But though it is important to have wise laws, it is more important that there should be a wise and honest administration of the laws. The statesmen at home, in Congress and out of Congress, can do their best work by following the advice and the lead of the man who is actually on the ground. It is therefore essential that this man should be of the very highest stamp. If inferior men are appointed, and, above all, if the curse of spoils politics ever fastens itself upon the administration of our insular dependencies, widespread disaster is sure to follow. Every American worthy of the name, every American who is proud of his country and jealous of her honor, should uphold the hands of Governor Taft, and by the heartiness of his support should give an earnest of his intention to insist that the high standard set by Governor Taft shall be accepted for all time hereafter as the standard by which we intend to judge whoever, under or after Governor Taft, may carry forward the work he has so strikingly begun.

Governor Taft left a high office of honor and of comparative ease to undertake his present work. As soon as he became convinced where his duty lay he did not hesitate a moment, though he clearly foresaw the infinite labor, the crushing responsibility, the certainty of recurring disappointments, and all the grinding wear and tear which such a task implies. But he gladly undertook it; and he is to be considered thrice fortunate! For in this world the one thing supremely worth having is the opportunity, coupled with the capacity, to do well and worthily a piece of work the doing of which is of vital consequence to the welfare of mankind.

A Nation's Prayer

By J. Brainerd Thrall

[Almost exactly twenty years ago, immediately after the death of President Garfield, this hymn first appeared in The Outlook, then The Christian Union. With the omission of a single stanza it applies, word for word and thought for thought, to the present National calamity. The author, Mr. Thrall, is still living.—THE EDITORS.]

O God, the people come to thee
With sinking heart, yet upward eye;
Draw thou, O God, thy children nigh,
And hear while still they bend the knee!

He whom thou lovedst, Lord, is dead;
Our brother, whom thou mad'st so fair,
Hath left this heavy-burthened air,
And to some sweeter clime is fled.

Heal thou, O God, the bitter grief,
Assuage, we pray, the lasting smart
That tortures now the nation's heart;
Oh, send thy suffering ones relief!

Help us to pray as prayed thy Son;
Help us to trust a Father's care;
And since thou couldst not grant our prayer,
Help us to say, Thy will be done!

When wrath doth maim or malice kill
Our rulers, chosen in thy sight,
Keep thou, O Lord, our ancient Right,
And be to us a Ruler still.

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Philadelphia's Republican Tammany

By Clinton Rogers Woodruff

IN the judgment of many observers, Philadelphia's municipal politics has become as degraded, corrupt, and vicious as that of New York. This is perhaps expressing the severest condemnation possible, as Tammany stands for the worst possible methods. Conditions have been bad in Philadelphia for many years; but it has remained for Mayor Samuel H. Ashbridge to perfect the system and to work it for the personal advantage of his faction in a way not dreamed of by his predecessors or even by his colleagues.

Not Tweed in his halcyon days nor Croker in his moments of most brutal disregard of public sentiment or decency has been so cynically disregardful of public interests, public opinion, or public propriety. Not content to abase the city's government for personal ends, he has done so with recklessness and brutality. "After us the deluge" seems to have been his policy, and he should not complain if the deluge comes a little earlier than he anticipated.

It is, perhaps, a trite statement to say that the city's civil service has been used to pay political debts, but in Philadelphia it has been used to pay personal debts as well. The spoils system has been carried to a previously unknown perfection of villainy. Not only are the examinations held behind locked doors by examiners appointed from among the Mayor's personal friends, but appointees selected weeks in advance by the Mayor are announced as having passed with averages of 100. The Chief of the Bureau of City Property, who had never been in the real estate business nor had aught to do with its management, was given an average of 100. The Chief of the Health Bureau, who had previously been coroner's undertaker, was likewise given 100; and so I might continue the list. Every man who had shown the least independence of judgment has been discharged or forced to resign. Superintendent of Police Linden, one of the most efficient and straightest of policemen, was forced out early in the administration to make way for a superintendent who, it is true, received an average of 100 per cent., and who has deserved so far as serving the interests of the administration goes. Chief John C. Trautwine, of the Bureau of Water, could not be depended upon to fall in with the machine's plans while millions of dollars for filtration were being expended, and he was forced out for a man with fewer embarrassing scruples.

Ashbridge has utilized the civil service of the city, not only to reward his friends, but to make way for subservient tools, to influence nominating conventions, and, above all, to force legislation which he favored through Councils. He has done this in defiance of the letter and spirit of the law. There has been no office too small to escape his attention. It is on record that he seeks to control the appointment of so insignificant an office (from the point of view of salary) as that of election clerk, which pays just five dollars per day on two days in the year!

He has not stopped with his utilization of the civil service, but has used the contracts as well, to serve his ends and those of his friends and political colleagues. There is certainly nothing new in this, for contracts are so used in all cities; but it has remained for Ashbridge to go to "the limit." There have been more scandals connected with the award of contracts under the present administration than under any previous ones. In the matter of garbage disposal, Philadelphia pays $2.64 a ton, while the Borough of Manhattan pays but $1.73; Brooklyn, $1.23; Washington, 75 cents; Boston, 63 cents; Cincinnati, 90 cents. There was a company that put in a bid for $100,000 less than the favored company, and Director of Public Works Haddock actually had the temerity to award the contract to the lowest bidder. In less than two weeks the latter had to ask to be relieved, so stringently had the police enforced the law against him, and so far had they gone in directly interfering with him and trespassing upon his property. He had a legal remedy, to be sure, but it would have cost him too much to have

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enforced it. So he retired from the field, and the contract was then awarded to the favored contractor, against whom the ordinances have not been so rigorously enforced, if at all, and who has been permitted to pursue his way unmolested.

The contracts for the erection of filter-beds and other work in connection with the improvement of the water supply have all gone the same way, this time the contracts going to one McNichol, a brother of the Select Councilman of the same name, one of the three most powerful politicians in the city. One contract was so flagrantly awarded that the court set it aside, because Mr. McNichol had been permitted, after others had put in their bids, to change his. This action of the court, however, only delayed, it did not prevent the final award to the favored contractor.

In connection with the asphalt paving, the most recent contracts were awarded to the highest bidders because the lowest bidder had sent the sample of the cement in the name of the agent instead of the name of the company!

In the matter of electric lighting the bid of the Trust was accepted at the rate of thirty cents per lamp per night, in the face of the bid of a responsible company to light all or any part of the city at the rate of twenty cents per lamp per night. If there had been any doubt as to the company's ability to light the whole city, it might have been awarded a section in which to demonstrate its ability. Instead, however, the Director of Public Safety, who had been Chief Clerk under Ashbridge while he was Coroner, took away from the independent company the territory it had been lighting for years. One reason assigned by Director English for his action was that there had been complaint against the company in question, although he admitted under cross-examination that the complaints had not been received until after the contracts had been awarded!

Not alone has the administration utilized the civil service and the contracts for personal ends, but the police power as well. The "speak-easy" in Philadelphia is the unlicensed saloon. It is given police protection in exchange for votes and political support. The Law and Order Society has convicted and has had sentenced in the courts nearly eighty "speak-easy" keepers, and 196 are under indictment and still untried. All of these cases are the result of the private prosecution of the Society. I doubt if the Police Bureau can point to a single conviction within the same time. On the other hand, the police have deliberately refused their assistance to the Society's agents; they have time and again refused to allow them the use of the patrol wagons for the conveyance of prisoners; and not infrequently the patrolmen have jeered the Society's detectives and constables executing warrants. Furthermore, policemen have been found in speak-easies at the time of the raids, and in one case a police lieutenant was found in one of the houses raided drinking beer with the proprietress. The same statements apply to the Society's efforts to suppress the social evil and to show that the politicians in power protect the keepers of disreputable houses.

The Secretary of the Society charged in open court that such places were protected by politicians and city officials. He was challenged to prove this charge. While he is still engaged in this task, he has already produced an abundance of evidence to substantiate it. He has brought out under oath the names of a Select Councilman, a police sergeant, and other officials and politicians said to be influential in protecting places of evil resort. Another Select Councilman went bail for one of the women arrested and requested that his name be suppressed, as he "went her bail as a matter of politics." Other officeholders have similarly served as security for accused women, and have shown the greatest solicitude for their welfare and safety. Furthermore, the same Society has shown that one of the papers which enjoys a large share of official advertising (and is of course a stanch supporter of the Ashbridge administration) openly and flagrantly advertised these places. The last batch of cases was made up of the women running places so advertised. Several months ago I was shown a copy of the newspaper in question, on one side of which were advertised the ordinances of the city of Philadelphia, and on the other side, immediately backing them up, were these iniquitous advertisements. A fine com-

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mentary on Philadelphia's Chief Magistrate's sense of decency and fitness; but what more is to be expected of a man openly charged in the columns of a reputable and responsible newspaper and by a clergyman of high standing of having made an obscene speech at a public dinner largely attended by young men?

Since November 1, 1900, the Law and Order Society has made the following arrests:

Gambling-house keepers	53
Speak-easy keepers	196
Keepers of disreputable houses	150
Inmates of disreputable houses	350
Slot-machine owners	35
	784

Of this number 87 have already been convicted and 87 more indicted. The other cases have been so recent that the Grand Jury has not as yet had time to act upon them.

To quote the words of the "Ledger," a paper whose reliability and conservatism is beyond question: "Whether or not the wicked men and women who keep disorderly houses pay cash consideration for protection, it is clearly evident that there is a direct connection between such establishments and the corrupt politics under which this city is misgoverned. Many of the houses exposed recently were recorded in the assessor's lists as the domiciles of mythical voters, and were in localities where the political machine rolls up its heaviest fraudulent majorities. In one of the precincts in the heart of the slums the delegates elected at the Republican primaries were almost without exception men reputed to be the keepers of dives and speak-easies. The work of padding assessors' lists, of repeating and personating at the polls, and of making out false returns, thrives best in disreputable localities, because the politicians can make use of the criminal element for these nefarious purposes. The habitués of evil houses naturally seek the protection of the dominant politicians, and in return for such favors they are ready to corrupt the elections or perform any dirty work that their political masters command. The open and flagrant immorality which has been exposed by the Law and Order Society could not exist for a day were Mayor Ashbridge and his police to do their duty. The leaven of corruption has an opportunity to work only because the authorities make no serious attempt to interfere."

Unquestionably the most flagrant abuse of the police power was the personal attempt of Director of Public Safety English to silence the "North American," a paper owned by John Wanamaker's son, Thomas B. Wanamaker, which was then and is now an unsparing critic of the administration. Director English, with the Chief of the Bureau of Property (he of the 100 per cent. average), visited Mr. John Wanamaker's private office, and told him that unless the attacks of the "North American" ceased, information concerning him, and which had been collected during the preceding eight months by the police, would be given to the public. Mr. Wanamaker treated this effort to blackmail him in silence as it deserved, and at once gave to the public all the details of the interview, which he had had taken down by his stenographer. The indignation of the public was intense. A great mass-meeting was held, at which this high-handed abuse of the police power was denounced. The Director made no defense except that he was tired of being denounced, and in this the Mayor backed him up and retained him in office. I doubt if the annals of any city can furnish another equally glaring example of the use of public official power to throttle public newspaper criticism and to blackmail a private citizen.

A goodly portion of this article could be devoted to election frauds and crimes against the ballot-box, and the interference of police in primary and general elections. Not since the early seventies has there been such flagrant conduct on the part of the police. Last winter the Municipal League published a little leaflet setting forth the details of a number of typical instances of the brutality of the police at the November election and the preceding September primaries. Not counting the men in jail serving sentences for election frauds and those who are fugitives from justice, there are nearly five hundred election officers under indictment and awaiting trial. Indeed, a separate article could be devoted to the subject of election frauds during the present administration.

In 1900, Councils passed the Keystone Telephone Ordinance, giving to a corpo-

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ration composed of the Mayor's friends valuable privileges estimated to be worth at least five million dollars, without compensation to the city and with no restrictions, and without protection to the city's interests. The Trades League and the Municipal League protested against the ordinance to Councils and to the Mayor, pointing out its defects and the utter lack of safeguards, but to no avail. The Mayor left the Chamber where he had perfunctorily listened to arguments against the ordinance by prominent citizens, and retired to his private office, where he almost immediately signed the ordinance after he had consulted with several of the more influential politicians.

The Mayor's conduct on this occasion, however, was cordial and public-spirited compared with his conduct in connection with the recent street railway franchises. Readers of The Outlook will recall that the Focht and Emery bills were introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature on May 29, and were approved by the Governor on June 7, without a public hearing of any kind at any stage of the proceedings. The ordinances introduced under these bills were "jammed through" Philadelphia Councils even more rapidly. The Mayor, whose private secretary had positively announced that the ordinances would not be approved on June 13, on that day hastened back from the ceremonies incident to the opening of the new United States Mint, and signed every one of the fourteen bills without a hearing, without a consultation with a single bureau chief, and in the face of John Wanamaker's offer to pay the city $2,500,000 for the same privileges which were given to the Mayor's friends for nothing.

Further comment of mine is unnecessary. The record I have here briefly outlined speaks for itself. It will come before the voters of Philadelphia this autumn for ratification or rejection. The Republican ticket stands for Ashbridge and his record. He dictated it; he used his power to nominate it, and he proposes to use every resource at his disposal to elect it. He rejected those who, like District Attorney Rothermel, were not subservient to his will and his wishes. He has replaced those unwilling to wear his collar by those whose subserviency will stand the strong test to which he will subject it.

The people of Philadelphia are aroused, and if an honest and untrammeled vote were to be taken to-morrow, I am assured that it would be overwhelmingly against Ashbridge and his record. The task of the Municipal League and its allies in the present fight is to secure an honest and untrammeled vote.

Confession

By Henry Johnstone

I cannot say "So be it" to Thy will;
  Rebellion in my heart and anger rise;
  So many things I would have otherwise:
And yet I strive to say "So is it" still.

So is it as Thou orderest, not as I
  Have long'd it might be, dreamt that it should be;
  Thus hast Thou dealt, thus wilt Thou deal with me,
Not altering Thy purpose for my cry.

But I would be no longer like a child,
  Taken half-witting in a scarce-hid snare,
  Following a hope found false, but still held fair,
The more blameworthy as the less beguiled.

Teach Thou obedience to my stubborn soul,
  That so by stooping it may rise more high,
  Not seeking its own pleasure, but to fly
Forth from itself toward Thine appointed goal.

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THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN[1]

An Autobiography

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.

Chapter XIV.—I Try to Go to the War for the Third and Last Time

THAT which I have described as "sitting up with a club" in a city like New York is bound to win your fight if you sit up long enough, for it is to be remembered that the politicians who oppose good government are not primarily concerned about keeping you out of your rights. They want the things that make for their advantage; first of all the offices through which they can maintain their grip. After that they will concede as many of the things you want as they have to, and, if you are not yourself out for the offices, more than otherwise, though never more than you wring out of them. They really do not care if you do have clean streets, good schools, parks, playgrounds, and all the things which make for good citizenship because they give the best part of the man a chance, though they grudge them as a sad waste of money that might be turned to use in "strengthening the organization," which is the sum of all their self-seeking, being their means of ever getting more and more. Hence it is that a mere handful of men and women who rarely or ever had other authority than their own unselfish purpose, have in all times, even the worst, been able to put their stamp upon the community for good. I am thinking of the Felix Adlers, the Dr. Rainsfords, the Josephine Shaw Lowells, the Robert Ross McBurneys, the R. Fulton Cuttings, the Father Doyles, the Jacob H. Schiffs, the Robert W. de Forests, the Arthur von Briesens, the Norton Goddards, the Richard Watson Gilders, and their kind; and thinking of them brings to mind an opportunity I had a year or two ago to tell a club of workmen what I thought of them. It was at the Chicago Commons. I had looked in on a Sunday evening upon a group of men engaged in what seemed to me a singularly unprofitable discussion of human motives. They were of the school which professes to believe that everything proceeds from the love of self, and they spoke learnedly of the ego and all that; but as I listened the conviction grew, along with the feeling of exasperation that sort of nonsense always arouses in me, that they were just vaporing, and I told them so. I pointed to these men and women I have spoken of, some of them of great wealth—the thing against which they seemed to have a special grudge—and told them how they had given their lives and their means in the cause of humanity without asking other reward than that of seeing the world grow better and the hard lot of some of their fellow-men eased; wherein they had succeeded because they thought less of themselves than of their neighbors, and were in the field, anyway, to be of such use as they could. I told them how distressed I was that upon their own admission they should have been engaged in this discussion four years without getting any further, and I closed with a remorseful feeling of having said more than I intended and perhaps having made them feel bad. But not they. They had listened to me throughout with undisturbed serenity. When I had done, the chairman said courteously that they were greatly indebted to me for my frank opinion. Every man was entitled to his own. And he could quite sympathize with me in my inability to catch their point of view.

"Because here," he added, "I have been reading for ten years or more the things Mr. Riis writes in his newspaper and in the magazines, and by which he makes a living, and for the life of me I never was able to understand how any one could be found to pay for such stuff."

So there you have my measure as a reformer. The meeting nodded gravely. I was apparently the only one there who took it as a joke.

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I spoke of the women's share in the progress we made. A good big one it was. We should have been floundering yet in the educational mud-puddle we were in, had it not been for the women of New York who went to Albany and literally held up the Legislature, compelling it to pass our reform bill. And not once but a dozen times, during Mayor Strong's administration, when they had wearied of me at the City Hall—I was not always *persona grata* there with the reform administration—did I find it the part of wisdom to send committees of women instead to plead with the Mayor over his five o'clock tea. They could worm a playground or a small park out of him when I should have met with a curt refusal and a virtual invitation to be gone. In his political doldrums the Mayor did not have a kindly eye to reformers; but he was not always able to make them out in petticoats.

The women prevailed at Albany by the power of fact. They knew, and the legislators did not. They received them up there with an indulgent smile, but it became speedily apparent that they came bristling with information about the schools to which the empty old Tammany boast that New York "had the best schools in the world" was not an effective answer. In fact they came nearer being the worst. I had myself had an experience of that kind when I pointed out in print that an East Side school was so overrun with rats that it was difficult to hear oneself think for their squeaking in the dark "playground" when the children were upstairs in their classes. The Board of Estimate and Apportionment, which comprises the important officials of the city government, with the Mayor as presiding officer, took umbrage at the statement, and said in plain words that I lied and that there were no rats. That was a piece of unthinking ignorance, for an old school-house without rats in it would be a rare thing anywhere, but it was impertinence, too, of a kind of which I had had so much from the City Hall that I decided the time had come for a demonstration. I got me a rat-trap and prepared to catch one and have it sent in to the Board, duly authenticated by affidavit as hailing from Allen Street; but before I could carry out my purpose the bottom fell out of the Tammany conspiracy of ignorance and fraud and left us the way clear for three years. So I saved my rat for another time.

This "fact," which was naturally my own weapon, the contribution I was able to make from my own profession and training, was in reality a tremendously effective club before which nothing could or can stand in the long run. If I can leave that conviction as a legacy to my brother reporters, I shall feel that I have really performed a service. I believe they do not half understand it, or they would waste no printer's ink idly. The school war was an illustration of it, all through. I was at Police Headquarters, where I saw the East Side, that had been orderly, becoming thievish and immoral. Going to the schools, I found them overcrowded, ill ventilated, dark, without playgrounds, repellent. Following up the boys, who escaped from them in disgust—if indeed they were not barred out; the street swarmed with children for whom there was not room—I saw them herded at the prison to which Protestant truants were sent, with burglars, vagrants, thieves, and "bad boys" of every kind. They classified them according to size: four feet, four feet seven, and over four feet seven! No other way was attempted. At the Catholic prison they did not even do that. They kept them on a "footing of social equality" by mixing them all up together; and when in amazement I asked if that was doing right by the truant who might be reasonably supposed to be in special danger from such contact, the answer I got was, "Would it be fair to the burglar to set him apart with the stamp on him?" I went back to the office and took from the Rogues' Gallery a handful of photographs of boy thieves and murderers and printed them in the "Century Magazine" with a statement of the facts, under the heading, "The Making of Thieves in New York." I quote the concluding sentence of that article because it seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that there was no getting away from its awful arraignment:

"While we are asking at this end of the line if it would be quite fair to the burglar to shut him off from social intercourse with his betters, the State Reformatory, where the final product of our schools of crime is garnered, supplies the answer year after year, unheeded. Of the thousands

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who land there, barely one per cent. kept good company before coming. All the rest were the victims of evil association, of corrupt environment. They were not thieves by heredity; they were made. And the manufacture goes on every day. The street and the jail are the factories."

Upon the lay mind the argument took hold; that of the official educator resisted it stubbornly for a season. Two years later, when one of the School Commissioners spoke indulgently of the burglars and highway robbers in the two prisons as probably guilty merely of "the theft of a top, or a marble, or maybe a banana," in extenuation of the continued policy of his department in sending truants there in flat defiance of the State law that forbade the mingling of thieves and truants, the police office had once more to be invoked with its testimony. I had been keeping records of the child crimes that came up in the course of my work that year. They began before the kindergarten age with burglary and till-tapping. "Highwaymen" at six sounds rather formidable, but there was no other name for it. Two lads of that age had held up a third and robbed him in the street; at seven and eight there were seven housebreakers and two common thieves; at ten I had a burglar, one boy and four girl thieves, two charged with assault and one with forgery; at eleven four burglars, two thieves with a record, two charged with assault, a highway robber, an habitual liar, and a suicide; at twelve five burglars, three thieves, two "drunks," three incendiaries, three arrested for assault, and two suicides; at thirteen five burglars, one with a record, five thieves, five charged with assault, one "drunk," one forger; at fourteen four burglars, seven thieves, one drunk enough to fight a policeman, six highway robbers, and ten charged with assault. And so on. The street had borne its perfect crop, and they were behind the bars every one, locked in with the boys who had done nothing worse than play hooky. It was a knock-out blow. Classification by measurement had ceased at the first broadside; the last gave us the truant school which the law demanded. To make the most of it, we shall apparently have to have a new deal. I tried to persuade the Children's Aid Society to turn its old machinery to this new work. Perhaps the George Junior Republic would do better still. When there is room for every boy on the school bench, and room to toss a ball when he is off it, there will not be much left of that problem to wrestle with; but little or much, the peril of the prison is too great to be endured for a moment.

It must have been about that time that I received a letter from an old friend who was in high glee over a statement in some magazine that I had evolved a "scientific theory" as to why boys go to the bad in cities. It was plain that he was as much surprised as he was pleased, and so was I when I heard what it was all about. That which they had pitched upon as science and theory was the baldest recital of the facts as seen from Mulberry Street. Beyond putting two and two together, there was very little reasoning about it. That such conditions as were all about us should result in making "toughs" of the boys was not strange. Rather, it would have been strange had anything else come of it. With the home corrupted by the tenement; the school doors closed against them where the swarms were densest and the children thrown upon the street, there to take their chance; with honest play interdicted, every natural right of the child turned into a means of oppression, a game of ball become a crime for which children were thrust into jail, indeed shot down like dangerous criminals when running away from the policeman who pursued them;[1] with dead-letter laws on every hand breeding blackmail and bringing the police and authority into disrepute; with the lawlessness of the street added to want of rule at home, where the immigrant father looked on helpless, himself dependent in the strange surroundings upon the boy and no longer his master—it seemed as if we had set out to deliberately make the trouble under which we groaned. And we were not alone in it. The shoe fits every large city more or less snugly. I know, for I have had a good deal to do with fitting it on in the last two or three years; and often when looking my audience over in lecturing about Tony and his hardships I am thinking about Mulberry Street and the old days when prob-

[1] Such a case occurred on Thanksgiving Day, 1897. A great public clamor arose and the policeman was sent to Sing Sing.

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lems, civic or otherwise, were farthest from my mind in digging out the facts that lay ready to the hand of the police reporter.

In him as a reporter there may be no special virtue; but there is that in his work, in the haste and the directness of it, which compels him always to take the short cut and keeps it clear of crankery of every kind. The "isms" have no place in a newspaper office, certainly not in Mulberry Street. I confess I was rather glad of it. I had no stomach for abstract discussions of social wrongs; I wanted to right those of them that I could reach. I wanted to tear down the Mulberry Bend and let in the light so that we might the more readily make them out; the others could do the rest then. I used to say that to a very destructive crank who would have nothing less, upon any account, than the whole loaf. My "remedies" were an abomination to him. The landlords should be boiled in oil to a man; hanging was too good for them. Now he is a Tammany officeholder in a position where propping up landlord greed is his daily practice and privilege, and he thrives upon it. But I ought not to blame him. It is precisely because of his kind that Tammany is defenseless against real reform. It never can make it out. That every man has his price is the language of Fourteenth Street. They have no dictionary there to enable them to understand any other; and as a short cut out of it they deny that there is any other.

It helped me vastly that my associations in the office were most congenial. I have not often been in accord with the editorial page of my own paper, the "Sun." It seemed as if it were impossible for anybody to get farther apart in their views of most things on the earth and off it than were my paper and I. It hated and persecuted Beecher and Cleveland; they were my heroes. It converted me to Grant by its opposition to him. The sign "Keep off the grass!" arouses in its editorial breast no desire to lock up the man who planted it; it does in mine. Ten years and more I have striven in its columns to make the tenement out a chief device of the devil, and it must be that I have brought some over to my belief; but I have not converted the "Sun." So that on the principle that I laid down before, that I must be always fighting with my friends, I ought to have had a mighty good time of it there. And so in fact I did. They let me have in pretty nearly everything my own way, though it led us so far apart. As time passed and the duties that came to me took more and more of my time from my office work, I found that end of it insensibly lightened to allow me to pursue the things I believed in, though they did not. No doubt the old friendship that existed between my immediate chief on the "Evening Sun," William McCloy, and myself, bore a hand in this. Yet it could not have gone on without the assent and virtual sympathy of the Danas, father and son; for we came now and then to a point where opposite views clashed and proved irreconcilable. Then I found these men, whom some deemed cynical, most ready to see the facts as they were, and to see justice done.

I like to think of my last meeting with Charles A. Dana, the "Old Chief," as he was always called in the office. In all the years I was on the "Sun" I do not think I had spoken with him a half-dozen times. When he wanted anything of me personally, his orders were very brief and to the point. It was generally something—a report to be digested or the story of some social experiment—which showed me that in his heart he was faithful to his early love: he had been in his youth, as everybody knows, an enthusiastic reformer, a member of the Brook Farm Community. But if he thought I saw, he let no sign escape him. He hated shams; perhaps I was on trial all the time. If so, I believe that he meant to tell me in that last hand-shake that he had not found me wanting. It was on the stairs in the "Sun" office that we met. I was going up; he was coming down—going home to die. He knew it. In me there was no suspicion of the truth when I came upon him at the turn of the stairs, stumbling along in a way very unlike the usual springy step of the Old Chief. I hardly knew him when he passed, but as he turned and held out his hand I saw that it was Mr. Dana, looking somehow older than I had ever seen him, and changed. I took off my hat and we shook hands.

"Well," he said, "have you reformed everything to suit you, straightened out every kink in town?"

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"Pretty nearly," I said, falling into his tone of banter; "all except the 'Sun' office. That is left yet, and as bad as ever."

"Ha!" he laughed, "you come on! We are ready for you. Come right along!" And with another hearty hand-shake he was gone. He never saw the "Sun" office again.

It was the only time he ever held out his hand to me, after that first meeting of ours when I was a lonely lad, nearly thirty years before. That time there was a dollar in it and I spurned it. This time I like to believe his heart was in it. And I took it, gladly and gratefully.

The police helped—sometimes. More frequently we were at odds, and few enough in the rank and file understood that I was fighting for them in fighting the department. A friend came into my office, laughing, one day, and told me that he had just overheard the doorman at Police Headquarters say, as he saw me pass:

"Ugh! the hypocrite! See him take off his hat and then lay us out cold in his paper when he gets the chance."

He referred to my old-country habit of raising the hat in salutation instead of merely nodding or touching the brim. No doubt he expressed a feeling that was quite general at the time. But after Mulberry Street had taken notice of Roosevelt's friendship for me there was a change, and then it went to the other extreme. It never quite got over the fact that he did not "ring me in" on President McKinley and the Government, or at least make me his private secretary and deputy boss of the Empire State while he was Governor. The Mulberry Street idea of friendship includes the loaves and fishes first and last, and "pull" is the Joss it worships. In fact, I had several times to explain that Mr. Roosevelt had not "gone back on me" to save his political reputation. When at a public meeting he once spoke of me as his friend, a dozen policemen brought me copies of the paper containing "the notice," with a frankly expressed wish to be remembered when I came into my own. About that time, being in the neighborhood, I strayed into the Bend one day to enjoy the sunlight there and the children sporting in it. At the curb stood a big policeman leisurely peeling an orange, to which he had helped himself from a cringing Italian's cart. I asked him how were things in the Bend since the park had come. He eyed me coldly, and said: "Bad, very bad." At that I expressed my astonishment, saying that I was a reporter at Police Headquarters and had understood differently.

"What paper?" he grunted insolently. I told him. He bestowed a look of mingled pity and contempt upon me.

"Nix! mine friend," he said, spreading his feet farther apart and tossing the peel at the Italian, who grinned with delight at such condescension. I regarded him expectantly. He was a very aggravating chap.

"Did you say you were at Police Headquarters—for the 'Sun'?" he observed at length.

"Yes!" He shook his head.

"Nixie! not guilty!" he said, tauntingly.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Haven't you heard of Mr. Riis, Jacob Riis?"

I said I had.

"The Governor's friend?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"Well, ain't he at Headquarters for the 'Sun'?"

I said that was so.

"Well?"

I took out my card and handed it to him. "I am that man," I said.

For a fraction of a second the policeman's jaw dropped; but he was a thoroughbred. His heels came together before, as it seemed, he could have read my name; he straightened up. The half-peeled orange fell from his hand and rolled into the gutter, covertly speeded by a dextrous little kick. The unhappy Italian, believing it a mishap, made haste to select the biggest and juiciest fruit on his stand, and held it out with a propitiatory bow, but he spurned him haughtily away.

"These dagoes," he said, elaborately, placing my card in the sweat-band of his hat, "ain't got no manners. It's a hard place for a good man down here. It's time I was a roundsman. You can do it. You've got de 'pull.'"

When Roosevelt had gone to Washington to help fit out the navy for the war with Spain, I spent a part of the winter

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there with him, and Mulberry Street took it for granted that I had at last been "placed" as I should have been long before. There was great amazement when I came back to take my old place. The truth was that I had gone partly to observe what went on at the capital for my paper, and partly to speed on the war, in which I was a hearty believer from the first. It was to me a means, first and last, of ending the murder in Cuba. One of the very earliest things I had to do with as a reporter was the Virginius massacre, and ever since it had been bloodshed right along. It was time to stop it, and the only way seemed to wrest the grip of Spain from the throat of the island. I think I never quite got over the contempt I conceived for Spain and Spanish ways when I read as a boy, in Hans Christian Andersen's account of his travels in the country of the Dons, that the shepherds brought butter from the mountains in sheep's intestines and measured them off in lengths demanded by the customers by tying knots upon them. What was to be expected from a country that sold butter by the yard? As the event showed, it ran its navies after the same fashion and was justly punished. I made friends that winter with Dr. Leonard Wood, whom we came all to know and admire afterwards as General and Governor Wood, and a fine fellow he was. He was Roosevelt's physician, and we spent many strenuous hours together, being in that mood.

For the third time in my life, and the last, I wanted to go to the war, when they went, and oh! so badly. Not to fight—I had had all I needed of that at home—but to tell the truth about what was going on in Cuba. The Outlook offered me that post, and the "Sun" agreed heartily; but once more the door was barred against me. Two of my children had scarlet fever, my oldest son had gone to Washington trying to enlist with the Rough Riders, and the one next in line was engineering to get into the navy on his own hook. My wife raised no objection to my going, if it was duty; but her tears fell silently—and I stayed. It was "three times and out." I shall never go to the war now unless in defense of my own home, which may God forbid. Within a year I knew that, had I gone then, I should most likely not have returned. I had received notice that to my dreams of campaigning in that way there was an end. Thankful that I had been spared, I yet took leave of them with a sigh; most illogically, for I hate the sight of human suffering and of brutal passions aroused. But deep down in my heart there is the horror of my Viking forefathers of dying in bed, unable to strike back, as it were. I know it is wicked and foolish, but all my life I have so wished to get on a horse with a sword, and slam in just once, like another Sheridan. I, who cannot sit on a horse! Even the one Roosevelt got me at Montauk that was warranted "not to bite or scratch" ran away with me. So it is foolishness, plain to see. Yet, so I might have found out which way I would really have run when the call came. I do hope the right way, but I never have felt quite sure.

The casualties of war are not all on the battlefield. The Cuban campaign wrecked a promising career as a foreign correspondent which I had been building up for some ten or fifteen years with toilsome effort. It was for a Danish newspaper I wrote with much approval, but when the war came they did not take the same view of things that I did, and fell to suppressing or mutilating my letters, whereupon our connection ceased abruptly. My letters were, explained the editor to me a year or two later when I saw him in Copenhagen, so—er-r—ultra-patriotic, so—er-r—youthful in their enthusiasm, that—huh! I interrupted him with the remark that I was glad we were young enough yet in my country to get up and shout for the flag in a fight, and left him to think it over. They must have aged suddenly over there, for they were not that way when I was a boy. The real fact was that somehow they could not get it into their heads that a European bully could be whipped in one round by "the States." They insisted on printing ridiculous despatches about Spanish victories. I think there was something about codfish, too, something commercial about corks and codfish—Iceland keeping Spain on a fish diet in Lent, in return for which she corked the Danish beer—I have forgotten the particulars. The bottom fact was a distrust of the United States that was based upon a curiously stubborn ignorance, entirely without excuse in a people of high

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intelligence like the Danes. I tried hard as a correspondent to draw a reasonable, human picture of American affairs, but it seemed to make no impression. They would jump at the Munchausen stories that are always afloat, as if America were some sort of menagerie and not a Christian country. I think nothing ever aggravated me as did an instance of that kind the year Ben Butler ran for the Presidency. I had been trying in my letters to present the political situation and issues fairly, and was beginning to feel that they *must* understand, when I received a copy of my paper from Copenhagen and read there a "life" of General Butler, which, condensed, read like this:

"Mr. Butler was an ambitious young lawyer, shrewd and full of bold schemes for enriching himself. When the war with the South broke out, he raised all the money he could and fitted out a fleet of privateers. With this he sailed for New Orleans, captured the city, and, collecting all the silver spoons it contained, freighted his vessels with them, and returned to the North. Thus he laid the foundation for his great fortune, but achieved lasting unpopularity in the South, which will prevent his election to the Presidency."

I am not joking. That was how the story of the silver spoons looked in Danish a quarter of a century after the war. Really, now, what would you have done? I laughed and—well! made remarks by turns, and in the end concluded that there was nothing else that could be done except buckle to and try again; which I did.

If I could not go to the war, I could at least go electioneering with Roosevelt when he came back and try to help him out the best I knew how in matters that touched the poor and their life, once he sat in Cleveland's chair in Albany. I do not think he felt that as an added dignity, but I did and I told him so, whereat he used to laugh a little. But there was nothing to laugh at. They are men of the same stamp, not saints any more than the rest of us, but men with minds and honest wills, if they have different ways of doing things. I wish some Cleveland would come along again soon and give me another chance to vote the ticket which Tammany obstructs with its impudent claim that it is the Democratic party. As for Roosevelt, few were nearer to him, I fancy, than I, even at Albany. No doubt he made his mistakes like the rest of us, and when he did there were not wanting critics to make the most of it. I wish they had been half as ready to lend him a hand. We might have been farther on the road then. I saw how faithfully he labored. I was his umpire with the tailors, with the drug-clerks, in the enforcement of the Factory Law against sweaters, and I know that early and late he had no other thought than how best to serve the people who trusted him. I want no better Governor than that, and I guess we shall want him a long time before we get one as good.

I found out upon our electioneering tours that I was not a good stump-speaker especially on the wing with five-minute stops of the train. It used to pull out with me inwardly raging, all the good things I meant to say unsaid. The politicians knew that trick better, and I left the field to them speedily. Thereafter I went along just for company. Only two or three times did I rise to the occasion—once when I spoke in the square at Jamestown, N. Y., where I had worked as a young lad and trapped muskrats in the creek for a living. The old days came back to me as I looked upon that mighty crowd, and the cheers that arose from it told me that I had "caught on." I was wondering whether by any chance the old ship captain who finished me as a lecturer once was in the throng, but he was not; he was dead. Another time was in Flushing, Long Island. There was not room in the hall, and they sent me out to talk to the crowd in the street. The sight of it, with the flickering torchlight upon the sea of upturned faces, took me somehow as nothing ever had, and the speech I made from the steps, propped up by two policemen, took the crowd, too; it chereed so that Roosevelt within stopped and thought some enemy had captured the meeting. When he was gone, with the spirit still upon me, I talked to the meeting in the hall till it rose and shouted. My political pet enemy from Richmond Hill was on the platform and came over to embrace me. We have been friends since. The memory of that evening lingers yet in Flushing, I am told.

A picture from that day's trip through Long Island will ever abide on my mind. The train was about to pull out from the

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station in Greenport when the public-school children came swarming down to see "Teddy." He leaned out from the rear platform, grasping as many of the little hands as he could, while the train hands did their best to keep the track clear. 'Way back in the jostling, cheering crowd I made out the slim figure of a pale, freckled little girl in a worn garment, struggling eagerly but hopelessly to get near him. The stronger children pushed her farther back, and her mournful face was nearly the last in the throng when Roosevelt saw her. Going down the steps even as the train started, he made a quick dash, clearing a path through the surging tide to the little girl, and, taking her hand, gave it the heartiest shake of all, then sprinted for the departing car and caught it. The last I saw of Greenport was the poor little girl holding tight the hand her hero had shaken, with her face all one sunbeam of joy.

I know just how she felt, for I have had the same experience. One of the things I remember with a pleasure which the years have no power to dim is my meeting with Cardinal Gibbons some years ago. They had asked me to come to Baltimore to speak for the Fresh Air Fund, and, to my great delight, I found that the Cardinal was to preside. I had always admired him at a distance, but during the fifteen minutes' talk we had before the lecture he won my heart entirely. He asked me to forgive him if he had to go away before I finished my speech, for he had had a very exhausting service the day before, "and I am an old man, on the sunny side of sixty," he added as if in apology.

"On the shady side, you mean," amended a Presbyterian clergyman, who was one of the committee. The Cardinal shook his head, smiling.

"No, doctor! The sunny side—nearer heaven."

The meeting was of a kind to inspire even the dullest speaker. When I finished my plea for the children, there sat the Cardinal yet behind me, though it was an hour past his bedtime. He came forward and gave me his blessing then and there. I was never so much touched and moved. Even my mother, stanch old Lutheran that she is, was satisfied when I told her of it, though, in the nature of things, the idea of her son consorting in that way with principalities and powers in the enemy's camp must have been a shock to her.

Speaking of which reminds me of the one brief glimpse into the mysteries of the universe I had while in Galesburg, Ill., the same year. I had been lecturing at Knox College, of which my friend John Finley was the President. It rained before the meeting, but when we came out the stars shone brightly and I was fired with a sudden desire to see them through the observatory telescope. The professor of astronomy took me into the dark dome and pointed the glass at Saturn, which I knew as a scintillating point of light, said to be a big round ball like our earth, and had taken on trust as a matter of course. But to see it hanging there, white and big as an apple, suspended within its broad and shining ring, was a revelation before which I stood awe-stricken and dumb. I gazed and gazed; between the star and its ring I caught the infinite depth of black space beyond; I seemed to see almost the whirl, the motion; to hear the morning stars sing together—and then like a flash it was gone. Crane my neck on my ladder as I might I could not get sight of it.

"But where did she go?" I said, half to myself. From down in the darkness came the old professor's deep voice:

"That time you saw the earth move."

And so I did. The clockwork that made the dome keep up with the motion of the stars—of our world rather—had run down, and when Saturn passed out of my sight, as I thought, it was the earth instead which I literally saw move.

And now that I am on my travels, let me cross the ocean long enough to say that my digging among the London slums one summer only served to convince me that their problem is the same as ours, and is solved along the same lines. They have their ways and we have ours, and each has something to learn from the other. We copied our law that enabled us to tear down slum tenements from the English statute under which they cleared large areas over yonder long before we got to work. And yet in their poor streets—in "Christian Street" of all places—I found families living in apartments entirely below the sidewalk grade,

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I found children poisoned by factory fumes in a charitable fold, and people huddled in sleeping-rooms as I had never seen it in New York. And when I asked why the police did not interfere, they looked at me, uncomprehending, and retorted that they were on their own premises—the factory, too—and where did the police come in? I told them that in New York they came in when and where they saw fit, and systematically in the middle of the night so that they might get at the exact facts. As for our cave-dwellers, we had got rid of them a long time since by the simple process of dragging out those who wouldn't go and shutting the cellar doors against them. It had to be done and it was done, and it settled the matter.

"I thought yours was a free country," said my policeman conductor.

"So it is," I told him, "freedom to poison yourself and your neighbor excepted." He shook his head, and we went on.

But these are mere divergences of practice. The principle is not affected. It was clear enough that in London, as in New York, it was less a question of transforming human nature in the tenant than of reforming it in the landlord. At St. Giles I found side by side with the workhouse a church, a big bath and washhouse, and a school. It was the same at Seven Dials. At every step it recalled the Five Points. To the one as to the other, steeped in poverty and crime, had come the road-builder, the missionary, the school-teacher, and let light in together. And in their track was following, rather faster there than here as yet, the housing reformer with his atoning scheme of philanthropy and five per cent. That holds the key. In the last analysis it is a question of how we rate the brotherhood, what per cent. we will take. My neighbor at table in my London boarding-house meant that, though he put it in a way all his own. He was a benevolent enough crank, but no friend of preaching. Being a crank, he condemned preachers with one fell swoop:

"The parsons!" he said; "my 'evings, what hare they? In hall me life hi've known only two that were fit to be in the pulpit."

Returning to my own country, I found the conviction deepening, wherever the slum had got a grip, that it was the problem not only of government, but of humanity. In Chicago they are setting limits to it with parks and playgrounds and the home restored. In Cincinnati, in Cleveland, in Boston, they are bestirring themselves. Indeed, in Boston they have torn down more foul tenements than did we in the metropolis, and with less surrender to the slum landlord. In New York a citizens' movement paved the way for the last Tenement-House Commission, which has just finished its great work, and the movement is warrant that the fruits of that work will not be lost. Listen to the arraignment of the tenement by that Commission, appointed by the State:

"All the conditions which surround childhood, youth, and womanhood in New York's crowded tenement quarters make for unrighteousness. They also make for disease. . . . From the tenements there comes a stream of sick, helpless people to our hospitals and dispensaries; . . . from them also comes a host of paupers and charity seekers. Most terrible of all . . . the fact that, mingled with the drunken, the dissolute, the improvident, the diseased, dwell the great mass of the respectable workingmen of the city with their families."

This after all the work of twenty years! Yet the work was not wasted, for at last we see the truth. Seeing, it is impossible that the monstrous wrong should go unrighted and government of the people endure, as endure it will, I know. We have only begun to find out what it can do for mankind in the day when we shall all think enough about the common good, the *res publica*, to forget about ourselves.

In that day, too, the boss shall have ceased from troubling. However gross he wax in our sight, he has no real substance. He is but an ugly dream of political distemper. Sometimes when I hear him spoken of with bated breath, I think of the Irish teamster who went to the priest in a fright; he had seen a ghost on the church wall as he passed it in the night.

"And what was it like?" asked the priest.

"It was like nothing so much as a big ass," said Patrick, wide-eyed.

"Go home, Pat! and be easy. You've seen your own shadow."

[TO BE CONCLUDED]

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The Man from Glengarry

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

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Chapter XV.—The Revival

THOSE last days of Maimie's visit sped by on winged feet. To Ranald they were brimming with happiness, every one of them. It was the slack time of the year, between seeding and harvest, and there was nothing much to keep him at home. And so, with Harry, his devoted companion, Ranald roamed the woods, hitching up Lisette in Yankee's buckboard, put her through her paces, and would now and then get up such bursts of speed as took Harry's breath away; and, more than all, there was the chance of a word with Maimie. He had lost much of his awkwardness. He went about with an air of mastery, and why not? He had entered upon his kingdom. The minister noticed and wondered; his wife noticed and smiled sometimes, but oftener sighed, wisely keeping silence, for she knew that in times like this the best words were those unspoken.

The happiest day of all for Ranald was the last, when, after a long tramp with Harry through the woods, he drove him back to the manse, coming up from the gate to the door like a whirlwind.

As Lisette stood pawing and tossing her beautiful head, Mrs. Murray, who stood with Maimie watching them drive up, cried out admir ngly:

"What a beauty she is!"

"Isn't she!" cried Harry, enthusiastically. "And such a flyer! Get in, auntie, and see."

"Do," said Ranaid; "I would be very glad. Just to the church hill and back."

"Go, auntie," pleaded Harry. "She is wonderful."

"You go, Maimie," said her aunt, to whom every offere pleasured simply furnished an opportunity of thought for others.

"Nonsense!" cried Harry, impatiently. "You might gratify yourself a little for once in your life. Besides," he added, with true brotherly blindness, "it's you Ranald wants. At least he talks enough about you."

"Yes, auntie, do go! It will be lovely," chimed in Maimie, with suspicious heartiness.

So, with many protestations, Mrs. Murray took her place beside Ranald and was whirled off like the wind. She returned in a very few minutes, her hair blown loose till the little curls hung about her glowing face and her eyes shining with excitement.

"Oh, she is perfectly splendid!" she exclaimed. "And so gentle. You must go, Maimie, if only to the gate." And Maimie went, but not to turn at even the church hill.

For a mile down the concession road Ranald let Lisette jog at an easy pace while he told Maimie some of his aims and hopes. He did not mean to be a farmer nor a lumberman. He was going to the city, and there make his fortune. He did not say it in words, but his tone, his manner, everything about him, proclaimed his confidence that some day he would be a great man. And Maimie believed him, not because it seemed reasonable or because there seemed to be any ground for his confidence, but just because Ranald said it. His superb self-confidence wrought in her assurance.

"And then," he said, proudly, "I am going to see you."

"Oh, I hope you will not wait till then," she answered.

"I do not know," he said. "I cannot tell, but it does not matter much. I will be always seeing you."

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"But I will want to see you," said Maimie.

"Yes," said Ranald, "I know you will," as if that were a thing to be expected. "But you will be coming back to your aunt here?" But of this Maimie could not be sure.

"Oh, yes, you will come," he said, confidently, "I am sure you will come. Harry is coming, and you will come, too." And, having settled this point, he turned Lisette and from that out gave his attention to his driving. The colt seemed to realize the necessity of making a display of her best speed, and, without any urging, she went along the concession road, increasing her speed at every stride till she wheeled in at the gate. Then Ranald shook the lines over her back and called to her. Magnificently Lisette responded and swept up to the door with such splendid dash that the whole household greeted her with waving applause. As the colt came to a stand, Maimie stepped out from the buckboard, and, turning towards Ranald, said in a low, hurried voice:

"Oh, Ranald, that was splendid, and I am so happy, and you will be sure to come?"

"I will come," said Ranald, looking down into the blue eyes with a look so long and steady and so full of passionate feeling that Maimie knew he would keep his word.

Then farewells were said, and Ranald turned away, Harry and Mrs. Murray watching him from the door till he disappeared over the church hill.

"Well, that's the finest chap I ever saw," said Harry, with emphasis. "And what a body he has! He would make a great half-back."

"Poor Ranald! I hope he will make a great and good man," said his aunt, with a ring of sadness in her voice.

"Why poor, auntie?"

"I'm sure I do not know," she said, with a very uncertain smile playing about her mouth. Then she went upstairs and found Maimie sitting at the window overlooking the church hill, and once more she knew how golden is silence. So she set to work to pack Maimie's trunk for her.

"It will be a very early start, Maimie," she said, "and so we will get everything ready to-night."

"Yes, auntie," said Maimie, going to her and putting her arms about her. "How happy I have been, and how good you have been to me!"

"And how glad I have been to have you!" said her aunt.

"Oh, I will never forget you! You have taught me so much that I never knew before. I see everything so differently. It seems easy to be good here, and, oh! I wish you were not so far away from me, auntie. I am afraid—afraid—'

The tears could no longer be denied. She put her head in her aunt's lap and sobbed out her heart's overflow. For an hour they sat by the open trunk forgetting all about the packing, while her aunt talked to Maimie as no one had ever talked to her before; and often, through the long years of suffering that followed, the words of that evening came to Maimie to lighten and to comfort an hour of fear and sorrow. Mrs. Murray was of those to whom it is given to speak words that will not die with time, but will live, for that they fall from lips touched with the fire of God.

Before they had finished their talk Harry came in, and then Mrs. Murray told them about their mother, of her beauty and her brightness and her goodness, but mostly of her goodness.

"She was a dear, dear girl," said their aunt, "and her goodness was of the kind that makes one think of a fresh spring morning, so bright, so sweet and pure. And she was beautiful, too. You will be like her, Maimie," and, after a pause, she added softly, "And, most of all, she loved her Saviour, and that was the secret of both her beauty and her goodness."

"Auntie," said Harry, suddenly, "don't you think you could come to us for a visit? It would do father—I mean it would be such a great thing for father, and for me, too, for us all."

Mrs. Murray thought of her home and all its ties, and then said, smiling:

"I am afraid, Harry, that could hardly be. Besides, my dear boy, there is One who can always be with you, and no one can take His place."

"All the same, I wish you could come," said Harry. "When I am here I feel like doing something with my life, but at home I only think of having fun."

"But, Harry," said his aunt, "life is a very sacred and very precious thing, and,

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at all costs, you must make it worthy of Him who gave it to you."

Next morning, when Harry was saying "Farewell" to his aunt, she put her arms round him and said:

"Your mother would have wished you to be a noble man, and you must not disappoint her."

"I will try, auntie," he said, and could say no more.

For the next few weeks the minister and his wife were both busy and anxious. For more than eight years they had labored with their people without much sign of result. Week after week the minister poured into his sermons the strength of his heart and mind, and then gave them to his people with all the fervor of his nature. Week after week his wife, in her women's meetings and in her Bible class, lavished freely upon them the splendid riches of her intellectual and spiritual powers, and together in the homes of the people they wrought and taught. At times it seemed to the minister that they were spending their strength for naught, and at such times he bitterly grudged, not his own toils, but those of his wife. None knew better than he how well fitted she was, both by the native endowments of her mind and by the graces of her character, to fill the highest sphere, and he sometimes grew impatient that she should spend herself without stint and reap no adequate reward.

These were his thoughts as he lay on his couch, on the evening of the last Sabbath in the old church, after a day's work more than usually exhausting. The new church was to be opened the following week. For months it had been the burden of their prayers that at the dedication of their church, which had been built and paid for at the cost of much thought and toil, there should be some "signal mark of the divine acceptance." No wonder the minister was more than usually depressed to-night.

"There is not much sign of movement among the dry bones," he said to his wife. "They are as dry and as dead as ever."

His wife was silent for some time, for she, too, had her moments of doubt and fear, but she said:

"I think there is some sign. The people were certainly much impressed this morning, and the Bible class was very large and they were very attentive."

"So they are every day," said the minister, rather bitterly. "But what does it amount to? There is not a sign of one of these young people 'coming forward.' Just think, only one young man a member of the church, and he hasn't got much spunk in him. And many of the older men remain as hard as the nether millstone."

"I really think," said his wife, "that a number of the young people would 'come forward' if some one would make a beginning. They are all very shy."

"So you always say," said her husband, with a touch of impatience, "but there is no shyness in other things, in their frolics and their fightings. I am sure this last outrageous business is enough to break one's heart."

"What do you mean?" said his wife.

"Oh, I suppose you will hear soon enough, so I need not try to keep it from you. It was Long John Cameron told me. It is strange that Hughie has not heard. Indeed, perhaps he has, but since his beloved Ranald is involved, he is keeping it quiet."

"What is it?" said his wife, anxiously.

"Oh, nothing less than a regular pitched battle between the McGregors and the McRaes of the Sixteenth, and all on Ranald's account, too, I believe."

Mrs. Murray sat in silent and bitter disappointment. She had expected much from Ranald. Her husband went on with his tale.

"It seems there was an old quarrel between young Aleck McRae and Ranald, over what I cannot find out; and young Angus McGregor, who will do anything for a Macdonald, must needs take Ranald's part, with the result that that hot-headed young fire-eater Aleck McRae must challenge the whole clan McGregor. So it was arranged, on Sunday morning, too, mind you, two weeks ago, after the service, that six of the best of each side should meet and settle the business. Of course Ranald was bound to be into it, and begged and pleaded with the McGregors that he should be one of the six; and I hear it was by Yankee's advice that his request was granted. That godless fellow, it seems, has been giving Ranald daily lessons with the boxing-gloves, and to

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some purpose, too, as the fight proved. It seems that young Aleck McRae, who is a terrible fighter and must be forty pounds heavier than Ranald, was, by Ranald's especial desire and by Yankee's arrangement, pitted against the boy, and by the time the fight was over, Ranald, although beaten and bruised, had Aleck thoroughly whipped. And nobody knows what would have happened, so fierce was the young villain, had not Peter McGregor and Macdonald Bhain appeared upon the scene. It appears Aleck had been saying something about Maimie, Long John did not know what it was; but Ranald was determined to finish Aleck up there and then. It must have been a disgusting and terrible sight; but Macdonald Bhain apparently settled them in a hurry; and, what is more, made them all shake hands and promise to drop the quarrel thenceforth. I fancy Ranald's handling of young Aleck McRae did more to bring about the settlement than anything else.

"What a lot of savages they are!" continued the minister. "It really does not seem much use to preach to them."

"We must not say that, my dear," said his wife, but her tone was none too hopeful. "I must confess I am disappointed in Ranald. Well," she continued, "we can only wait and trust."

From Hughie, who had had the story from Don, and who had been pledged to say nothing of it, she learned more about the fight.

"It was Aleck's fault, mother," he said, anxious to screen his hero. "He said something about Maimie, that Don wouldn't tell me, at the blacksmith shop in the Sixteenth, and Ranald struck him and knocked him flat, and he could not get up for a long time. Yankee has been showing him how. I am going to learn, mother," interjected Hughie. "And then Angus McGregor took Ranald's part, and it was all arranged after church, and Ranald was bound to be in it, and said he would stop the whole thing if not allowed. Don said he was just terrible. It was an awful fight. Angus McGregor fought Peter McRae, Aleck's brother, you know, and—"

"Never mind, Hughie," said his mother, "I don't want to hear of it. It is too disgusting. Was Ranald much hurt?"

"Oh, he was hurt awful bad, and he was going to be licked, too. He wouldn't keep cool enough, and he wouldn't use his legs."

"Use his legs?" said his mother; "what do you mean?"

"That's what Don says, and Yankee made him. Yankee kept calling to him, 'Now get away, get away from him. Use your legs. Get away from him!' and whenever Ranald began to do as he was told, then he got the better of Aleck, and he gave Aleck a terrible hammering, and Don said if Macdonald Bhain had not stopped them Aleck McRae would not have been able to walk home. He said Ranald was awful. He said he never saw him like he was that day. Wasn't it fine, mother?"

"Fine, Hughie!" said his mother. "It is anything but fine. It is simply disgusting to see men act like beasts. It is very, very sad. I am very much disappointed in Ranald."

"But, mother, Ranald couldn't help it. And, anyway, I am glad he gave that Aleck McRae a good thrashing. Yankee said he would never be right until he got it."

"You must not repeat what Yankee says," said his mother. "I am afraid his influence is not of the best for any of those boys."

"Oh, mother, he didn't set them on," said Hughie, who wanted to be fair to Yankee. "It was when he could not help it that he told Ranald how to do. I am glad he did, too."

"I am very, very sorry about it," said his mother, sadly. It was a greater disappointment to her than she cared to acknowledge either to her husband or to herself.

But the commotion caused in the community by the fight was soon swallowed up in the interest aroused by the opening of the new church, an event for which they had made long and elaborate preparation. The big bazaar, for which the women had been sewing for a year or more, was held on Wednesday, and turned out to be a great success, sufficient money being realized to pay for the church furnishing, which they had undertaken to provide.

The day following was the first of the "Communion Season." In a Highland congregation the "Communion Seasons" are the great occasions of the year. For

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weeks before, the congregation is kept in mind of the approaching event, and on the Thursday of the Communion week the season opens with a solemn fast day.

The annual Fast Day, still a national institution in Scotland, although it has lost much of its solemnity and sacredness in some places, was originally associated with the Lord's Supper, and was observed with great strictness in the matter of eating and drinking; and in Indian Lands, as in all congregations of that part of the country, the custom of celebrating the Fast Day was kept up. It was a day of great solemnity in the homes of the people of a godly sort. There was no cooking of meals till after "the services," and, indeed, some of them tasted neither meat nor drink the whole day long. To the younger people of the congregation it was a day of gloom and terror, a kind of day of doom. Even to those advanced in godliness it brought searchings of heart minute and diligent, with agonies of penitence and remorse. It was a day, in short, in which Conscience was invited to take command of the memory and the imagination to the scourging of the soul for the soul's good. The sermon for the day was supposed to stimulate and to aid Conscience in this work.

For the communion service Mr. Murray always made it a point to have the assistance of the best preachers he could procure, and on this occasion, when the church opening was combined with the sacrament, by a special effort two preachers had been procured—a famous divine from Huron County, that stronghold of Calvinism, and a college professor who had been recently appointed, but who had already gained a reputation as a doctrinal preacher, and who was, as Peter McRae reported, "grand on the Attributes and terrible fine on the Law." To him was assigned the honor of preaching the Fast Day sermon, and of declaring the church "open."

The new church was very different from the old. Instead of the high crow's-nest, with the wonderful sounding-board over it, the pulpit was simply a raised platform partly inclosed, with the desk in front. There was no precentor's box, over the loss of which Straight Rory did not grieve unduly, inasmuch as the singing was to be led, in the English at least, by John "Aleck." Henceforth the elders would sit with their families. The elders' seat was gone; Peter McRae's wrath at this being somewhat appeased by his securing for himself one of the short side seats at the right of the pulpit, from which he could command a view of both the minister and the congregation—a position with obvious advantages. The minister's pew was at the very back of the church.

It was a great assemblage that gathered in the new church to hear the professor discourse, as doubtless he would, it being the Fast Day, upon some theme of judgment. With a great swing of triumph in his voice, Mr. Murray rose and announced the Hundredth Psalm. An electric thrill went through the congregation as, with a wave of his hand, he said:

"Let us rise and sing. Now, John, Old Hundred."

Never did John "Aleck" and the congregation of Indian Lands sing as they did that morning. It was the first time that the congregation, as a whole, had followed the lead of that great ringing voice, and they followed with a joyous, triumphant shout, as of men come to victory.

"For why? The Lord our God is good,"

rolled out the majestic notes of Old Hundred.

"What's the matter, mother?" whispered Hughie, who was standing up in the seat that he might look on his mother's book.

"Nothing, darling," said his mother, her face radiant through her tears. After long months of toil and waiting, they were actually singing praise to God in the new church.

When the professor arose, it was an eager, responsive congregation that waited for his word. The people were fully prepared for a sermon that would shake them to their souls' depths. The younger portion shivered and shrank from the ordeal; the older and more experienced shivered and waited with not unpleasing anticipations; it did them good, that remorseless examination of their hearts' secret depravities. To some it was a kind of satisfaction offered to conscience, after which they could more easily come to peace. With others it was an honest,

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heroic effort to know themselves and to right themselves with their God.

The text was disappointing. "Above all these things, put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness," read the professor from that exquisite and touching passage which begins at the twelfth verse of the fifteenth chapter of Colossians. "Love, the bond of perfectness," was his theme, and in simple, calm, lucid speech he dilated upon the beauty, the excellence, and the supremacy of this Christian grace. It was the most Godlike of all the virtues, for God was love; and, more than zeal, more than knowledge, more than faith, it was "the mark" of the new birth.

Peter McRae was evidently keenly disappointed, and his whole bearing expressed stern disapproval. And as the professor proceeded, extolling aud illustrating the supreme grace of love, Peter's hard face grew harder than ever, and his eyes began to emit blue sparks of fire. This was no day for the preaching of smooth things. The people were there to consider and to lament their Original and Actual sin; and they expected and required to hear of the judgments of the Lord, and to be summoned to flee from the wrath to come.

Donald Ross sat with his kindly old face in a glow of delight, but with a look of perplexity on it which his furtive glances in Peter's direction did not help to lessen. The sermon was delighting and touching him, but he was not quite sure whether this was a good sign in him or not. He set himself now and then to find fault with the sermon, but the preacher was so humble, so respectful, and, above all, so earnest, that Donald Ross could not bring himself to criticise.

The application came under the Third Head. As a rule, the application to a Fast Day sermon was delivered in terrifying tones of thunder or in an awful whisper. But to-day the preacher, without raising his voice, began to force into his hearers' hearts the message of the day.

"This is a day for self-examination," he said, and his clear, quiet tones fell into the ears of the people with penetrating power. "And self-examination is a wise and profitable exercise. It is an exercise of the soul designed to yield a discovery of sin in the heart and life, and to induce penitence and contrition and so secure pardon and peace. But too often, my friends," and here his voice became a shade softer, "it results in a self-righteous and sinful self-complaisance. What is required is a simple honesty of mind and spiritual illumination, and the latter cannot be without the former. There are those who are ever searching for 'the marks' of a genuinely godly state of heart, and they have the idea that these marks are obscure and difficult for plain people to discover. Make no mistake, my brethren; they are as easily seen as are the apples on a tree. The fruits of the spirit are as discernible to any one honest enough and fearless enough to look; and the first and supreme of all is that which we have been considering this morning. The question for you and for me, my brethren, is simply this: Are our lives full of the grace of love? Do not shrink from the question. Do not deceive yourselves with any substitutes; there are many offering—zeal, the gift of prayer or of speech, yea, the gift of faith itself. None of these will atone for the lack of love. Let each ask himself, Am I a loving man?"

With quiet persistence he pursued them into all their relations in life—husbands and wives, fathers and sons, neighbor and neighbor. He would not let them escape. Relentlessly he forced them to review their habits of speech and action, their attitude toward each other as church members, and their attitude towards "those without." Behind all refuges and through all subterfuges he made his message follow them, searching their deepest hearts. And then, with his face illumined as with divine fire, he made his final appeal, while he reminded them of the Infinite love that had stooped to save, and that had wrought itself out in the agonies of the Cross. And while he spoke his last words, all over the church the women were weeping, and strong men were sitting trembling and pale.

After a short prayer, the professor sat down. Then the minister rose and for some little time stood facing his people in silence, the gleam in his eyes showing that his fervent Highland nature was on fire.

"My people," he began, and his magnificent voice pealed forth like a solemn bell, "this is the message of the Lord,

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Let none dare refuse to hear. It is a message to your minister, it is a message to you. You are anxious for 'the marks.' Search you for this mark." He paused while the people sat looking at him in fixed and breathless silence. Then, suddenly, he broke forth into a loud cry:

"Where are your children at this solemn time of privilege? Fathers, where are your sons? Why were they not with you at the Table? Are you men of love? Are you men of love? or by lack of love are you shutting the door of the Kingdom against your sons with their fightings and their quarrelings?" Then, raising his hands high, he lifted his voice in a kind of wailing chant:

"Woe unto you! Woe unto you! Your house is left unto you desolate, and the voice of love is crying over you. Ye would not! Ye would not! O Lamb of God, have mercy upon us! O Christ with the pierced hands, save us!" Again he paused, looking upward, while the people waited with uplifted white faces.

"Behold," he cried in a soul-thrilling voice, "I see heaven open, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God, and I hear a voice, 'Turn ye, turn ye. Why will ye die?' Lord Jesus, they will not turn." Again he paused. "Listen. 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire. Depart ye!' Nay, Lord Jesus! not so! Have mercy upon us!" His voice broke in its passionate cry. The effect was overwhelming. The people swayed as trees before a mighty wind, and a voice cried aloud from the congregation:

"God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

It was Macdonald Dhu. At that loud cry, women began to sob, and some of the people rose from their seats.

"Be still," commanded the minister. "Rend your hearts and not your garments. Let us pray." And as he prayed, the cries and sobs subsided and a great calm fell upon all. After prayer, the minister, instead of giving out a closing psalm, solemnly charged the people to go to their homes and to consider that the Lord had come very near them, and adjured them not to grieve the Holy Spirit of God. Then he dismissed them with the benediction.

The people went out of the church, subdued and astonished, speaking, if at all, in low tones of what they had seen and heard.

Immediately after pronouncing the benediction, the minister came down to find Macdonald Dhu, but he was nowhere to be seen. Toward evening Mrs. Murray rode over to his house, but found that he had not returned from the morning service.

"He will be at his brother's," said Kirsty, "and Ranald will drive over for him."

Immediately Ranald hitched up Lisette and drove over to his uncle's, but as he was returning he sent in word to the Manse, his face being not yet presentable, that his father was nowhere to be found. It was Macdonald Bhain that found him at last in the woods, prone upon his face, and in an agony.

"Hugh, man," he cried, "what ails you?" But there were only low groans for answer.

"Rise up, man, rise up and come away."

Then from the prostrate figure he caught the words, "Depart from me! Depart from me! That is the word of the Lord."

"That is not the word," said Macdonald Bhain, "for any living man, but for the dead. But come, rise, man; the neighbors will be here in a meenute." At that Black Hugh rose.

"Let me away," he said. "Let me not see them. I am a lost man."

And so his brother brought him home, shaken in spirit and exhausted in body with his long fast and his overpowering emotion. All night through his brother watched with him alone, for Macdonald Dhu would have no one else to see him, till, from utter exhaustion, toward the dawning of the day, he fell asleep.

In the early morning the minister and his wife drove over to see him, and, leaving his wife with Kirsty, the minister passed at once into Macdonald Dhu's room. But, in spite of all his reasoning, in spite of all his readings and his prayers, the gloom remained unbroken except by occasional paroxysms of fear and remorse.

"There is no forgiveness! There is no forgiveness!" was the burden of his cry.

In vain the minister proclaimed to him the mercy of God. At length he was forced to leave him to attend the "Question Meeting" which was to be held in the church that day. But he left his wife behind him.

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Without a word, Mrs. Murray proceeded to make the poor man comfortable. She prepared a dainty breakfast and carried it in to him, and then she sat beside him while he fell into a deep sleep.

It was afternoon when Macdonald Dhu awoke and greeted her with his wonted grave courtesy.

"You are better, Mr. Macdonald," she said, brightly. "And now I will make you a fresh cup of tea;" and though he protested, she hurried out, and in a few moments brought him some tea and toast. Then, while he lay in gloomy silence, she read to him, as she had once before, from his Gaelic psalm book, without a word of comment. And then she began to tell him of all the hopes she had cherished in connection with the opening of the new church, and how that day she had felt at last the blessing had come.

"And, oh, Mr. Macdonald," she said, "I was glad to hear you cry, for then I knew that the Spirit of God was among us."

"Glad!" said Macdonald Dhu, faintly.

"Yes, glad. For a cry like that never comes but when the Spirit of God moves in the heart of a man."

"Indeed, I will be thinking that He has cast me off forever," he said, wondering at this new phase of the subject.

"Then you must thank Him, Mr. Macdonald, that He has not so done; and the sure proof to you is that He has brought you to cry for mercy. That is a glad cry, in the ears of the Saviour. It is the cry of the sheep in the wilderness, that discovers him to the shepherd." And then, without argument, she took him into her confidence and poured out to him all her hopes and fears for the young people of the congregation, and especially for Ranald, till Macdonald Dhu partly forgot his own fears in hers. And then, just before it was time for Kirsty to arrive from the "Question Meeting," she took her Gaelic Bible and opened at the Lord's Prayer, as she had done once before.

"It is a terrible thing to be unforgiven, Mr. Macdonald," she said, "by man or by God. And God is unwilling that any of us should feel that pain, and that is why he is so free with his offer of pardon to all who come with sorrow to him. They come with sorrow to him now, but they will come to him some day with great joy." And then she spoke a little of the great company of the forgiven before the throne, and, at the very last, a few words about the gentle little woman who had passed out from Macdonald Dhu's sight so many years before. Then, falling on her knees, she began in the Galic,

"Our Father which art in heaven."

Earnestly and brokenly Macdonald Dhu followed, whispering the petitions after her. When they came to

"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors,"

Macdonald Dhu broke forth:

"Oh, it is a little thing, whatever! It is little I have to forgive." And then, in a clear, firm voice, he repeated the words after her to the close of the prayer.

Then Mrs. Murray rose, and, taking him by the hand to bid him good-by, she said, slowly,

"'For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you your trespasses.' You have forgiven, Mr. Macdonald."

"Indeed, it is nothing," he said, earnestly.

"Then," replied Mrs. Murray, "the Lord will not break his promise to you." And with that she went away.

On Saturday morning the Session met before the service for the day. In the midst of their deliberations the door opened and Macdonald Bhain and his brother Macdonald Dhu walked in and stood silent before the elders. Mr. Murray rose astonished, and, coming forward, said to Macdonald Bhain:

"What is it, Mr. Macdonald? You wish to see me?"

"I am here," he said, "for my own sake and for my brother's. We wish to make confession of our sins, in that we have not been men of love, and to seek the forgiveness of God."

The minister stood and gazed at him in amazed silence for some moments, and then, giving his hand to Macdonald Dhu, he said, in a voice husky with emotion:

"Come away, my brother. The Lord has a welcome for you."

And there were no questions that day asked in the Session before Macdonald Dhu received his token.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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A Century of Baptist Achievement[1]

By the Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, D.D.

President of Brown University.

THIS book is not in itself a history, but is the material for a history yet to be written. Professor Newman (recently elected President of Baylor University, Texas) has called to his aid about thirty different writers, and the result is a volume which gives us in five hundred closely printed pages a large amount of material concerning the progress of Baptists in every part of the globe during the last hundred years. Such information, put in compact form, it is not easy to acquire in case of a denomination of decentralized polity, and the book is therefore of great value to all who would study the growth of one great branch of the Christian Church. Nowhere else can the same historical material be found in the same space. Soon, let us hope, some organizing mind—why not Professor Newman himself?—will seize this mass of facts, trace events to causes, explain why the one hundred and fifty thousand Baptists of the year 1800 have become six millions in 1900, show the significance of the change from "Elder Knapp" to George Dana Boardman, and trace the relation of movements within this branch of the Church to the great movements, religious, scientific, social, and national, which have marked the nineteenth century.

The writers are commendably modest. They have a remarkable story to tell—the story of a people that were a century ago a feeble folk, numerically small, mentally acute but untrained, spiritually fervid but narrow, a people without any central authority, without a written creed, without a liturgy, yet advancing to a position numerically the second in America, in gifts to education perhaps the first, and spiritually far more sympathetic than their fathers. Yet there is here no waving of denominational banners, no adulation of great leaders or great achievements, no attempt to recount the number of chapels built in a day or the number of converts made in a year. With the exception of the important article on the Publication Society—where the word "Society" occurs forty-seven times—there is a constant subordination of instruments and apparatus to the great work of extending Christianity in the earth. The polemic element is absent, and the great controversies of the past—over such matters as denominational translations of the Bible or denominational restrictions of the Lord's Table—have obviously lost their interest, and appear here only as "burnt-out craters healed with snow." The writers evidently believe that the growth of Baptists is due chiefly to a polity in harmony with democratic ideals and institutions, and to that profound reverence for the Bible which has always characterized Baptist thought and endeavor. The first of these causes has operated powerfully in America, while in Australia, where "the whole political trend is to State Socialism and concentration of all initiative and power in the executive," the Baptists are still very weak.

But this book has the defects of its qualities. Not only is there a necessary lack of continuity and balance in such a symposium, but there is occasionally a peculiar obliviousness to the most significant facts and tendencies. Without for a moment accepting Renan's dictum that "to write the history of a religious faith one must have believed it, but believe it no longer," we may doubt whether busy pastors and missionaries and executives can perceive the historical significance of movements they themselves are shaping. The very names of some of the ablest Baptist writers and thinkers are barely mentioned or are wholly absent. Must one stand outside of a Church in order to perceive who are its leaders? Four great university presidents in America have grown up in the Baptist denomination and profoundly affected its history during the last twenty-five years—Presidents Andrews, Harper, Schurman, and Wheeler. Yet the writers of this book apparently know nothing of the educational

[1] *A Century of Baptist Achievement.* Edited by A. H. Newman, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Church History in McMaster University. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

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work of Dr. Andrews, make no mention of the impetus given to Old Testament study by Dr. Harper, and have evidently never seen the writings of Dr. Schurman or Dr. Wheeler. Among "Baptist Contributions to Literature" they number "Olney's series of mathematical text-books" (!), but they fail to mention the work of their foremost New Testament scholar, Professor Ernest D. Burton, or of one of the most influential theologians of the present day, Professor W. N. Clarke. Historical perspective is strangely distorted when Baptist literature includes "To Have and to Hold," but excludes such interpreters of the Christian origins or the Christian faith as Clarke and Burton and Harper and Schurman. Is it true of a democratic Church, as of a democratic State, that its real leaders are seldom recognized until they are gone?

For a similar reason, probably, there is no sketch of the extraordinary work of the American Baptist Education Society. Since its founding in 1888 that Society, with one great giver and thousands of smaller contributors behind it, has done a work whose magnitude cannot yet be appreciated, but whose history would certainly be instructive and suggestive to every branch of the Christian Church.

We are glad to see that the book includes a succinct and well-balanced history of the Baptist Congress. This organization, which owes its early success chiefly to Dr. E. H. Johnson and to Dr. Norman Foss, has been a constant missionary force within the denomination. Refusing to become the "organ" of either the radicals or the conservatives, it has steadily maintained a platform on which every shade of denominational opinion may fearlessly express itself, and has visibly "set the bounds of freedom wider yet." It has thus obtained a place and function almost as important as that of the great Foreign Missionary Union; for while the Union has propagated the faith, the Congress has made the faith increasingly worthy of propagation.

The story of the work of the Baptist Young People's Union is full of interest, while the record of the Home Mission Society in "the winning of the West" reveals a Christian statesmanship rarely equaled.

There are some happy and significant omissions in this new church history. There are here no discussion of liturgies or creeds or vestments or candles, no heresy trials, no record of the ingenuities of ecclesiastical politics. Will it not some day be possible to write the current history of all our churches without these excrescences? But why, in this record of a hundred years, is there so little to be said of Christian philanthropy? The Baptist Year-Book mentions in America "ten homes for the aged, fifteen for the care of orphans and children, three societies for the assistance of ministers who are worn out or unable to work, and six hospitals and sanitariums." No wonder Dr. Bitting pronounces these resources "pitifully inadequate"! For a denomination which is so loyal to the New Testament, which constantly inculcates the reproduction of "the primitive faith, the primitive hope, and the primitive love," thus entirely to neglect institutions for that kind of ministration which was the characteristic work of Christ in Galilee is an anomaly which cannot much longer continue.

A similar stricture is made by President Wood when he writes of "our lack of share in the thoughtful life of our century." This is, he says, because "our spirit has led us rather into executive and administrative service." But it is impossible to lead in action for any length of time unless we lead in thinking as well. Baptists need to develop schools of thought, not opposing but supplementary. They need, in Dr. Storrs's phrase, "two wings to fly with." Under the powerful influence of the University of Chicago, which is leavening the entire ministry of the Western States, and of the Baptist Congress, which is a growing force for honest thinking, Baptists may now be expected to develop a stronger intellectual life, a higher type of periodical literature, and take that place in the progress of the world which some of their distinguished leaders have taken already. There are to-day thousands of young men in their ranks for whom the old shibboleths are meaningless, to whom the newer Biblical study has come as a glad release and spiritual inspiration, and whose ideal of Christian service is not exhausted in "contending for the faith." These men know what service their Baptist forbears rendered to

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the cause of civil and religious freedom, and they are quietly resolved to enjoy the same freedom to-day. They realize that the strength of their great denomination must lie, not in its millions of adherents, not in its literalistic interpretation of ancient writings, but in its ever-growing apprehension of the spirit of Jesus Christ, its ever-fresh translation of that spirit into the language of the twentieth century, and its constant application of that spirit to the institutions and the lives of men.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Chapters on Greek Metric. By Thomas Dwight Goodell. (Yale Bicentennial Publications.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6½×9 in. 251 pages. $2.

The subject of this volume is one of the more recondite problems of classical philology, viz., the recovery of the ancient meters, and a reconstruction of the series of sounds which Greek verses represent. Professor Goodell aims to carry forward the progress which has been made in this direction by a critical discussion of ancient authorities and the theories of eminent foreign scholars, in which our conceptions of Greek verse-forms may be brought a little nearer to the reality. It is for specialists to pronounce upon the points of controversy here raised with other scholars. One who shrinks from venturing opinions upon these may yet affirm that the chair of Woolsey and of Hadley is worthily filled by Professor Goodell.

Composition and Rhetoric for High Schools. By Sara E. H. Lockwood and Mary Alice Emerson. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 470 pages.

This book is not so commonplace as its title. As a manual of the art of thinking clearly and writing correctly it bears the stamp of individuality and originality, and evinces the hand of accomplished teachers. It combines the fundamentals of grammar and rhetoric suitably to the requirements of secondary schools, and calls the critical faculty into constant and vigorous activity. The method of treatment is cumulative, and lays stress throughout on the pupil's own thinking and writing. Pupils who have "done" the exercises in this book need never fear their college entrance examinations.

Crazes, Credulities, and Christian Science. By Charles M. Oughton, M.D. E. H. Colegrove, 65 Randolph St., Chicago. 8×5 in. 121 pages. $1.

The author feels that medical men have hardly done their due part in public criticism of Christian Science. As a physician he bears testimony against it in a brief, good-tempered, but incisive argument. His exposure of its fallacies, his contrast of rational with irrational therapeutics, and his exhibition of what medical science has achieved, are to be commended to those who are looking for wholesome and tonic counsel.

Don Quixote. Retold for Young People by Calvin Dill Wilson. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 7×4½ in. 251 pages. 60c.

Daniel, Darius the Median, Cyrus the Great: A Chronological Historical Study. By the Rev. Joseph Horner, D.D., LL.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 7½×5 in. 142 pages. $1.20.

This scholarly monograph undertakes to support the traditional belief as to the date and authorship of the Book of Daniel. It is mainly, though not exclusively, concerned to vindicate the accuracy of the historical references of the book to the times of Darius and Cyrus.

Goethe's Poems. Selected and Edited by Julius Goevel. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 244 pages. 80c.

Guide to Wonalancet and the Sandwich Range of New Hampshire. The Out-Door Club, Wonalancet, N. H. 4½×6¾ in. 59 pages. 50c.

Gulliver's Travels. By Dean Swift. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 383 pages. 60c.

This favorite of nearly two centuries here appears newly dressed in type and illustration, all equipped to win a new generation of readers.

Heart: A Schoolboy's Journal. By Edmondo di Amicis. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 371 pages. 60c.

The Italians are a people who make up a large part of our present population, and of whom little is commonly known. This book shows us the very heart of Italian youth, and is charged with the spirit of nobility and broad humanity. The versatility of boy nature and the courage and gentleness of the schoolmaster leave on the mind pictures not to be forgotten. In style the little book is a masterpiece. It has had scores of editions in Italy, and has more than once been translated into English.

Horace's Odes and Epodes. Introduction and Notes by Charles E. Bennett. Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 7½×5½ in. 424 pages. $1.40.

This is an attractive edition of a favorite author. An outline of contents and a designation of its meter prefixed to each poem is a new and desirable feature. The Notes appended to the collection are ample and generally judicious. They are, however, confined to an elucidation of the poet's meaning, and of his references to persons and events, and pay little if any attention to literary forms and values.

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I'm a Brick: A Congress of Religions. By Corrilla Banister. The Banner of Light Publishing Co., Boston. 4×8¼ in. 155 pages. $1.

Individuality and the Moral Aim in American Education. By H. Thiselton Mark. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 298 pages. $1.50, net.

To see ourselves as others see us is in this case highly encouraging. Mr. Mark's tour of investigation through the public schools of many American cities was undertaken in behalf of educational interests in England, and its results, presented in this report, are those of a trained and sympathetic observer and inquirer. In his pages one visits and listens with him, sees the work of our best schools, and hears the statements of our expert educators. The note of praise is pervasive, not unmixed with that just remark upon shortcomings which attests its sincerity. The larger part of the report is devoted to exhibit the meaning of the phrase "individuality in education," as we use it, and the way in which we cultivate it. The moral aim of the principle, as cultivated in our schools, is to "prepare the child for community life;" that is, the school aims to relate the individual rightly to the society he belongs to. While finding no less public spirit in our schools than in the English, Mr. Mark found "vastly more of the family spirit." The laudatory tone of his report, which deserves to be widely read in this country, so far from fostering self-complacency, should spur all who are at all conscious of the wastes and burdens of our common schools to effort for the better realization of ideals here plainly exhibited and still but very partially attained.

Jack Morgan: A Boy of 1812. By W. O. Stoddard. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 353 pages. $1.25.

A story of stirring adventure setting forth the experiences of a youth who fought with Perry at Lake Erie and with Harrison at Fort Meigs, and also on the Thames. The descriptions are heroic, and the whole story is one of sustained interest.

Lessing's Hamburgische Dramaturgie. Arranged and Edited by Charles Harris. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 356 pages.

"Lest We Forget:" A Romance of a Fateful Period. By Joseph Hocking. The Advance Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 416 pages. $1.25.

This story deals with a period hitherto little used in fiction—that of Queen Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VIII., and sister of Elizabeth. The book abounds in historic personages, prominent among whom is Gardiner, persecutor of the Protestants. The heroine is daughter of one of the chief plotters against the power of Rome; the hero is one who had adopted the new form of faith through love of her. Around these two cluster plots, personages, and events which give highly dramatic coloring to the story, which is ably told.

Little Arthur's History of Greece. By Arthur S. Walpole. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 306 pages. $1.25.

The Little Arthur histories of England, France, and Rome have already made this author's work familiar to many readers. This latter work gives the history of Greece in all its important phases, and in entertaining form.

Little Cousin Series. Our Little Japanese Cousin; Our Little Brown Cousin; Our Little Indian Cousin; Our Little Russian Cousin. By Mary Hazleton Wade. Illustrated. 4 vols. 5×7½ in. Per set, $2.40.

We have here four of the most delightful juveniles imaginable, dealing respectively with our little brown cousin, the Malay, our red cousin, the American Indian, our Japanese cousin, and our Russian cousin. In each of these little books a child of each race is selected, and the treatment the children receive, together with the habits and mode of life, is told in story form. The illustrations are at once artistic and truthful to a marked degree, and the tenor and tone serve admirably to enlarge the childish horizon concerning peoples of whom the child naturally knows little or nothing.

Loving My Neighbor. By J. R. Miller, D.D. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 7½×5 in. 31 pages. 60c.

Madam Liberality. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 74 pages. 50c.

The story of a little girl whose character and conduct earned for her this peculiar sobriquet. The story is told with the effective grace which marks the work of this well-known author.

Memorial Days and Other Poems. By Juliet C. Smith. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4½×7¼ in. 44 pages. 50c.

Missionary Issues of the Twentieth Century. Papers and Addresses of the General Missionary Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, 1901. Methodist Episcopal Church South Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn. 6½×9 in. 597 pages.

This volume is very creditable to the Southern Methodist Church. Half of it is devoted to topics relating to the basis of missionary work and the responsibilities of the Church for its prosecution, and half to a review of the field abroad and at home. The papers and addresses here presented make an excellent supplement to the recently published proceedings of the Ecumenical Conference. The variety of topics, and the illustrations given them from personal experience and from history, create a many-sided interest for thoughtful readers. The accompanying maps are more artistically done than in most books of this class.

Mistress Barbara. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 8×5 in. 475 pages. $1.50.

In purport this is a love story, with Barbara, daughter of the landed squire, as heroine, and Royd, a Lancashire mill-owner, as hero. Both characters are of fine mettle, well conceived, and equally well managed. A large part of the book is given to picturing the character and sociological condition of the people—gentry, peasants, and mill hands. Tim o' Tabs, a son of the soil, is a character creation of rare merit—a poacher, witty, humorous, resourceful, and helpful to all, with heart as sound as his head. The book is above the average novel.

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Mopsa the Fairy. By Jean Ingelow. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7 in. 228 pages. 60c.

This is one of the most charming of fairy stories, by one of the most charming of story-tellers. It is a purely imaginative work, filled with joyous pictures and delightful fancies that will carry the child who reads it far out of the prosaic ruts of daily existence.

Old Songs for Young America. Pictures by B. Ostertag. Music arranged by C. Forsyth. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 10×12 in. 46 pages. $2.

This is one of the most artistic and fascinating volumes of children's folk-lore that has yet appeared, even in these days of artistic juveniles. Thirty-six of the oldest, every-day "classic" rhymes known to the childhood of several generations are here gathered and set to the original airs, while the text is enhanced by the most charming of colored pictures. Among the rhymes are "London Bridge," "Polly Put the Kettle On," "Three Dukes a-Riding," "Scotland's Burning," "Old Dan Tucker," "Yankee Doodle," "Brer Rabbit," etc., etc. Miss Ostertag's work in illustrating the rhymes deserves high praise.

Original Investigation; or, How to Attack an Exercise in Geometry. By Elisha S. Loomis, Ph.D. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 63 pages.

Our Uncle the Major. By James Otis. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 102 pages. 50c.

This is a charming story of New York life at the beginning of the Revolution, told for the entertainment of boys and girls by this always interesting writer for the young. A vivid period lives again in these pages.

Paul Travers' Adventures. By Samuel Travers Clover. Illustrated. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 368 pages. $1.25.

We have here the adventures of a lad who aspired to become a journalist, and as a preliminary to that end sets out to see the world. This he does by starting from Chicago on a self-supporting tour which covers one year. The sights he sees and the adventures he meets with form the burden of a story told with spirit.

Prince Harold. By L. F. Brown. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 255 pages. $1.50.

A pleasing fairy tale, which introduces the reader into a world so remote from that he daily lives in that it might be called a poetic extravaganza. It depicts the adventures of Harold, Prince of an impossible land, whose affairs are mostly conducted by Longtail, the Prince's monkey servant. Finally the Moon Spirit aids the Prince in discovering a beautiful girl whom he marries. In ideal happenings and quaint humor the story furnishes a treat.

Saul. By Robert Browning. Illustrated by Frank O. Small, with Introduction by Prof. John Angus McVannel. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 45 pages. 60c.

Serious Wooing (A): A Heart's History. By John Oliver Hobbes. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 7½×5 in. 270 pages. $1.25.

This story has all those marks of cleverness which distinguish the work of this writer. The scenes are laid in that world which the author knows so well—the upper circle of London life; with its brilliancy and inanities, its purpose and purposelessness, its moral sense, pagan irresponsibility, and social hypocrisies. The situations of the story turn upon an episode by no means uncommon in London high life of the present day—the love between a man and a woman who cannot come together legally and yet will not part. Much keen insight into social conditions is revealed, and the reasoning is sometimes brilliant and subtle; especially so is the conversation between a man of the world and a Catholic priest. The latter is, perhaps, the finest character in a book which has not a dull page.

Small, Small Child (A). By E. Livingston Prescott. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¼ in. 68 pages. 50c.

One of the most interesting juveniles in the Cosy Corner Series, and carrying in effect the best of morals—namely, the power of love. A child's love is here made to transform a supposedly hardened criminal into a decent man.

Souvenir of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc., M.V.O. A Brief Sketch of his Life and Works. By Walter J. Wells. Illustrated. M. F. Mansfield & Co., New York. 8×10½ in. 104 pages. $1.50.

This work combines the qualities both of sketch and memoir, and is beautifully gotten up. Handsomely illustrated, it shows us the composer's birthplace, several interior views of his later home, his portrait at divers periods of his career, together with the portraits of several men associated with him. His development as a composer is told briefly, but nothing of importance is omitted. Incidentally we learn of the romantic experiences of Sir Arthur's Irish grandfather, whom the press-gang transformed from an impoverished squire into a soldier who subsequently helped to guard Napoleon on St. Helena. It may interest some American readers to know that the bare mention of this ancestor's birthplace shows the initiated reader that he was of the same stock as the Massachusetts Sullivans of Colonial fame, who gave the Revolution one of its bravest generals, New Hampshire one of its earliest governors, and the bar several jurists whose legal brilliancy and wit still remain social traditions in and around Boston.

Stephen: A Story of the Little Crusaders. By Eva A. Madden. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 162 pages. 50c.

Stories from Homer. By Alfred J. Church. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 252 pages. 60c.

These stories, taken from the Iliad and dressed in prose for the benefit of young readers, may prove of equal value to many older readers not as familiar as they might be with the heroic legends of Greece. Fifteen stories set forth the siege of Troy, and twelve tell the wanderings of Ulysses. The prose style is simple and direct, while the flavor of the original form is well preserved.

Stories from Virgil. By Alfred J. Church. Illustrated. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 212 pages. 60c.

Virgil is here dealt with in a similar manner to that bestowed on Homer. There are twenty-six stories in all, beginning with the

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fall of Troy, and carrying Æneas through all his wanderings in Italy. The charm of a clear narrative style is here well sustained, and the subject-matter of the original poetry is given in full detail. An occasional explanatory phrase will also prove of benefit to many readers.

Success Booklets. By Orison S. Marden. **Character. Cheerfulness. Good Manners. An Iron Will. The Hour of Opportunity.** T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 35 cents each.

These are well adapted to stimulate the young. Examples from the lives of famous men, together with their pictures, also quotations and anecdotes applicable to each theme, are given in a manner to quicken youthful energies on the road to life-work.

Tales of Bowdoin: Some Gathered Fragments and Fancies of Undergraduate Life in the Past and Present Told by Bowdoin Men. Collected and Published by John Clair Minot, '96, and Donald Francis Snow, '01. Illustrated. Minot & Snow, Bangor, Me. 5×7½ in. 378 pages. $1.50.

In this little volume a very full sheaf of tales are gathered, all clustering around old Bowdoin College in Maine—a college which, the preface tells us, does not claim pre-eminence so much as a trainer of scholars as for being "the mother and maker of men." Among her noted sons may be named Hawthorne, Longfellow, Stowe, Prentiss, Hamlin, Franklin Pierce, Cheever, John A. Andrew, Frye, Fuller, Howard, Chamberlain, Hubbard, Smyth, Elijah Kellogg, Thomas B. Reed, and many others. Many writers contribute amusing stories and reminiscences of college life.

The Candle and the Cat. By Mary F. Leonard. T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 88 pages. 50c.

The "Little Women" Play. The "Little Men" Play. By Elizabeth Lincoln Gould. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in.

Each of these two little books represents a two-act drama, making a forty-five-minutes play, adapted by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould from Louisa May Alcott's famous Little Men and Little Women stories. In this dramatization Miss Gould has shown an admirable perception of salient points, and the illustrations by Mr. Birch sustain the spirit of the work.

The Night Hawk: A Romance of the '60s. By Alix John. Illustrated. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 378 pages. $1.50.

An exciting, well-told story, the scenes of which open in Paris about the time of the beginning of the Civil War. The characters are mainly Americans and Southerners. The young wife, married in Paris, returns with her husband to their Southern home, where she promptly becomes acquainted, through a handsome mulatto woman (her husband's housekeeper in bachelor days), with some of the horrors of domestic life in days of slavery. Tragedy begins at once. The story is boldly handled, and some of the character-drawing is much above the average.

The Presumption of Stanley Hay, M.P. By Nowell Cay. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 6×7½ in. 285 pages. $1.25.

A cleverly told novel, but with a plot so daringly improbable as to keep the reader feeling all the while that his credulity is being played upon. A young English M.P. and man of wealth sees a beautiful girl with her chaperon at a play. She is presently followed and claimed by an imposing-looking stranger, from whom she shrinks in mortal dread, and from whom the Englishman rescues her. How the Englishman wins and loses her, and subsequently discovers she is a German Princess, make up the burden of a story which holds the reader's attention and ends well, despite impossible situations.

'Tilda Jane: An Orphan in Search of a Home. By Marshall Saunders. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 287 pages. $1.50.

This story of the experiences of an orphan child who ran away from an institution appeared first in the "Youth's Companion," and is amplified in book form. For juveniles of larger growth it is highly entertaining, while its quaint humor, imbued with some of the most touching traits in human nature, is likely to recommend it to many older readers.

Told by Two. By Marie St. Felix. M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago. 5×7¼ in. 191 pages.

Topographical and Physical Map of Palestine. By J. G. Bartholomew, F.R.S.E. Edited by George Adam Smith, D.D., L.L.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 11×6½ in. $3.50.

The results of recent surveys and research are here presented in a clear and convenient form, showing all identified Biblical sites together with their modern names. The physical relief of the country is strikingly displayed by coloring, and diagrammatic cross sections illustrate the configuration of the plateaux and the Jordan valley. The vegetation of the country and the environs of Jerusalem are shown in inset maps. Nearly thirty-two hundred places on the map are indexed, both ancient and modern names being given. Altogether it is a noble addition to our present apparatus. Travelers in Palestine will find it highly valuable for touring.

Wall and Water Gardens. By Gertrude Jekell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (The "Country Life" Library.) 6×9½ in. 177 pages. $3.75.

This is likely to prove a book of value to lovers of horticulture. The text gives descriptive examples, hints, one may almost say recipes, from many well-tested examples drawn from existing wall, rock, and water gardens attached to many of the most famous and historic homes and castles in England. The usefulness of the work is enhanced, as well as highly beautified, by full-page illustrations to the number of one hundred and sixty-two, showing some of the most beautiful and ancient rock and wall gardens in existence; also the water gardens of old moats that awaken all of our inherent, latent love of mediæval legend and chivalry. Creators of American country homes may take lessons in the picturesque from this volume.

Our notice, August 31, of "The Wisdom of Passion, by Salvarona," was at fault in citing as the author's views certain statements which he satirically attributed to a professor in "the I-don't-understand-it University"—an error

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which might be partly palliated in a rapid reader by the absence of quotation-marks. A friendly note from the publisher seems to demand either a retraction of our judgment of the book, or less impeachable citations in support of it. We have to say, then, that it seems rather extravagant to describe the British nation as "a nation of snobs, sycophants, and sensualists," to charge the Puritans with burning witches, and to allege that "Pantheism is based on the unitary conception of time." Nor is it apparent how one who avows belief in a Creator of Nature and of the soul is otherwise than inconsistent in reducing the Holy Spirit to a mere personification of our subliminal self. We regard "Salvarona" as highly commendable for his vigorous and well-sustained protest against the claim for mere intellect of primacy among the powers of man, and for his demolition of the notion that there is any practical value in mere ideas apart from the passion, or feeling, they embody. Much valuable truth finds expression in his pages—this, for instance, that the soul is essentially creative of form (or, as one might express it, life is a body-builder), and that immortality is conditioned on this power. With such merits, however, are blended obvious faults, some of which may be classed as oddities and others as vagaries.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Please give me a clear-cut definition of Faith.

I am fifty years of age and I have spent thirty years of my life trying to comprehend this one word, as it is used by all teachers of theology. Is faith "the substance of things hoped for," or is it not a substance? Is it "the evidence of things not seen," or is it the result of evidence? Faith (to my mind) is a conviction of the judgment resulting from a preponderance of appropriate and adequate evidence—am I right or am I mistaken? Please show me where the merit of our faith comes in. I am not an infidel. I would not repeat the Apostles' Creed, although I belong to the Episcopal Church. I do not "believe in God the Father." If I know anything, I *know* God, and I know my heavenly Father, and I will not bring reproach upon the name of reason by saying "I believe in God." I know there is a God, and this God is my Father, because the evidence is perfect and conclusive, and I know He is able to keep that which I have committed to his care; but this word "faith," as it is used, stumps me. I do not "walk by faith," I don't have to. "The heavens declare the glory of God," and I see day by day the works of His hands, but I find no place for this word "faith." I do not trust or hope for immortality, for if that principle we call "life" has an existence in which it feels, knows, and realizes the nature of its surroundings after the phenomena of death, it is because immortality is a part of its being; or, in other words, it is natural for it to be so; and my understanding of faith can make no change in it. J. C. B.

Faith and belief are words much misused. By "faith" the Bible generally denotes *moral conviction and consent*, proceeding from conscience rather than from merely logical judgment. Evidence for the existence of the cosmic ether determines the logical judgment to the *assent* which is properly termed "belief." Evidence for the existence of a Moral Ruler and Saviour determines the conscience to the *consent* with him which is properly termed "faith." In the Bible "faith" generally signifies the attitude of a person to a person, the loyal confidence and trust of the human in the divine. One may say, "I believe in the cosmic ether;" another may say, "I believe in God;" but while the former merely assents to the existence of the ether, the latter obediently confides himself to his faithful Creator. Thus the various senses of words need to be discriminated. The American Standard edition of the Revised Version translates the text, "Faith is the substance," etc., which you quote from the old version of Hebrews xi., 1: "Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen." The entire chapter following shows that the faith so defined is essentially a loyal trust in the gracious purposes of God as related to the perseverance of the faithful:—that is, as above stated, faith is the consent of an intelligent moral nature to a friend, not the mere assent of an intellectual nature to a fact. And so long as it holds true that "knowledge is of things we see," we shall have need to "walk by faith," especially in the crises of temptation to sacrifice principle in pursuit of present advantage. So far, also, as there is anything further that we look for God to reveal, there will be cause to say, "I believe in God, and that he will vindicate righteousness and judge iniquity." As to immortality, one may feel as certain of it as of present existence. But so far as immortality is esteemed desirable, and looked forward to, such words as "trust" and "hope" are as properly applicable to it as to the reserve of securely invested capital which one has provided for his support in old age. Thus your whole difficulty seems to be in the misunderstanding of words. You ask what merit there is in faith. All that faith can merit, or deserve, is to realize the object of its endeavor.

In describing the transition from Calvinism to Unitarianism in New England, Professor Wendell, in "A Literary History of America," says (pp. 288): "The only Boston church of consequence which held out was the Old South, which adhered to its pristine dogmas until 1899." Please say what was the change then made. T. R. B.

The change was nominal rather than real. Until the date named that church remained sponsor for its ancient creed, substantially the same as the Westminster Confession. It had long been practically disused and obsolete. Probably many members of the church were not aware of its existence. The church was, however, still responsible for it. The change made in 1899 was simply putting an end to this responsibility by a vote formally transferring the old creed to the list of venerable but inoperative documents.

In the "Life of Henry Clay," by Epes Sargent, printed at Auburn in 1854, brought up to the date of Mr. Clay's death by Horace Greeley, there is an appendix giving two poems ascribed to Whittier. I do not find these two poems in the edition of Whittier, which is said to be complete, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in 1888. Can any of your readers inform me if these poems have ever appeared with the collected works of the author? If not, in what shape were they originally published?

LIBRARIAN.

Please tell me the author of the following Latin sentence, which is said to have been kept in a conspicuous place in the study of the late John Fiske: "Disce ut semper victurus, vive ut cras moriturus."

S. W. S.

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